

No. 5281

WEDNESDAY—MAY 10, 1942

VOLUME 2011

# Punch

SUMMER NUMBER

1/-

Periodical

PUBLIC LIBRARY  
JUN 20 1942  
DETROIT



# Abdullas *for choice*

The most popular brands are :—  
"VIRGINIA" No. 7 • TURKISH No. 11 • "EGYPTIAN" No. 16

They look  
after you as they  
always did



**T**HE powers that be don't stop to consider a man's tailoring arrangements, and unless you choose a tailor like Austin Reed's with branches all over the place, you can bank on it that you'll get an order to go north while your uniform is somewhere south, waiting to be fitted . . . Then I thought of the good suits they made for me in peace-time. It was a pretty safe bet that their uniform service would be up to the same standard.

## JUST A PART OF THE AUSTIN REED SERVICE

103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 • 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2  
Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow,  
Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham,  
Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth,  
Bothwell, Coventry, Dunbar, Grantham, Hove, Llandrindod Wells, Llandudno, Plymouth,  
Richmond (Yorks), Shrivenham. London Telephone: Regent 6789.

*Y.W.C.A. calling..*



### A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM THE GIRLS IN THE FORCES

Women of Britain are ready and proud to play their part in the war effort by leaving their homes to join the Services. A strange life, unfamiliar conditions, new companions, hard work and danger; all these they gladly accept.

But every girl needs a home—whether her parents', her own, or even a friend's. In launching her 1942 appeal Mrs. Churchill, President of the War Time Fund, spoke of how the Y.W.C.A. with its huts, canteens, leave hostels and travelling clubs brings a home to the woman in uniform where her off-duty hours can be spent in comfort amongst friendly people.

This year by choice or necessity more women than ever before—many of them quite young girls—are joining up for war service. And so in 1942 the Y.W.C.A. has been asked to double its work for the women in the Forces and Nursing Services both in Great Britain and the Middle East.

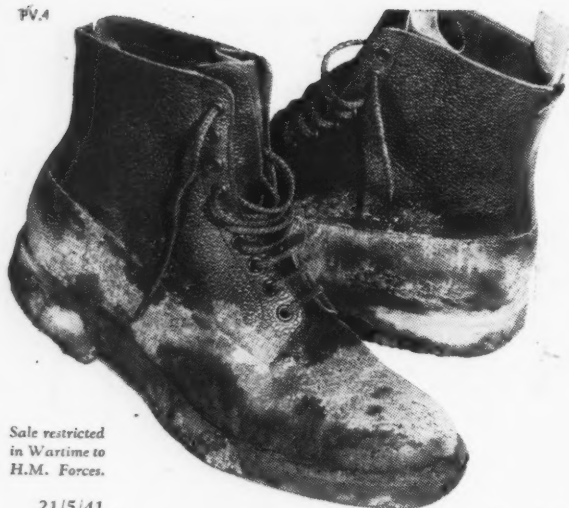
**£250,000 IS NEEDED THIS YEAR  
WILL YOU GIVE YOUR SHARE ?**

*Please send your donation to Mrs. Churchill, C.B.E.,  
President Y.W.C.A. War Time Fund, Great Russell  
Street, London, W.C.1*

*Registered under War Charities Act, 1940*



P.V.A.



Sale restricted  
in Wartime to  
H.M. Forces.

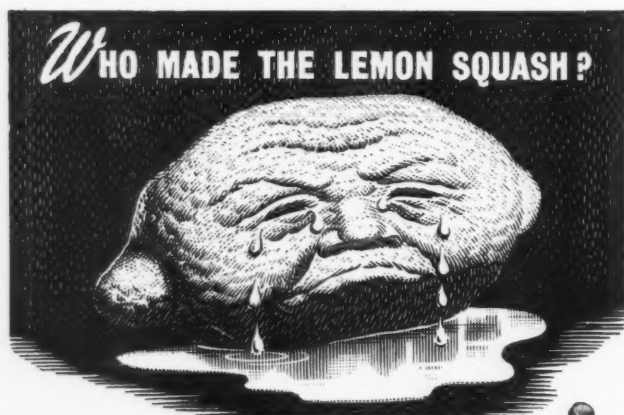
21/5/41.

Herewith one pair of Lotus Veldtschoen, for repair, which our client purchased from us in 1926. They are still waterproof and strong. Our client (2nd Lt. L.A.A., R.A.), has readily given permission to use this as an advert.

# LOTUS

## Veldtschoen

### GUARANTEED WATERPROOF



Idris admit their guilt. And, moreover, keep on brow-beating all the lemons that they can lay hands on. Too bad for the lemons; but very necessary in producing the most refreshing, wholesome drink that the palate can desire.

What happy days again, after the war, when you are able to kill that thirst with a satisfying drink like Idris. As much of it, too, as you could wish for!



# IDRIS

## Table Waters



IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY  
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



## Thank goodness...

Although she cannot buy Barker & Dobson's Verona Chocolates she is thankful to get a small share of Barker & Dobson's Viking Chocolates or Regal Fruit Drops. She knows that both makers and distributors are doing their best under very difficult conditions.

## BARKER & DOBSON

Barker & Dobson, famous for finer chocolates and confectionery for over 100 years.

2

Famous for Fine  
Quality



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS





Carding horsehair by hand

## The hand of the Craftsman

The long, tightly coiled strands of horsehair, used to fill many Heal mattresses, are combed (or 'carded') by hand to form thousands of tiny springs. 'Carding' the hair without breaking it is the secret of the comfort and long life which you get from Heal bedding. No machine can quite take the place of the carder's hand.

# HEAL'S

Established 1810

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD · LONDON · W1

**BALKAN SOBRANIE  
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS**

## Per Ardua . . .

There's something to be said for eating vitamins instead of steak, for celebrating in plain water instead of pink champagne, for calculating points instead of phoning orders—but not much! And it's rather like that with tobacco and cigarettes. If needs be you can put up with the not so good, sigh for the might-have-been, and long for what will be, one day. But, taking a quite dispassionate view, we recommend a policy of smoking less but smoking better. And, of course, if you decide to smoke better you will *inevitably* smoke less—because you will be the more satisfied. In fact but not quite so dispassionately, we recommend you to smoke less but to smoke

**BALKAN SOBRANIE**



**SOBRANIE LTD, LONDON.E.C.1**



Remember the grasshopper in the fable who was so happy in the sunshine he forgot to make provision for the winter until it was too late.

There will be a moderate supply of Morlands Glastonbury Sheepskin boots and slippers in the shops during the Spring and Summer. Be Squirrel-minded and invest in a pair as soon as you find them in the shop.

## MORLANDS GLASTONBURY'S



A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turn-over top.

A wartime ladies' ankle boot—sheepskin lined. Warm, serviceable and neat.



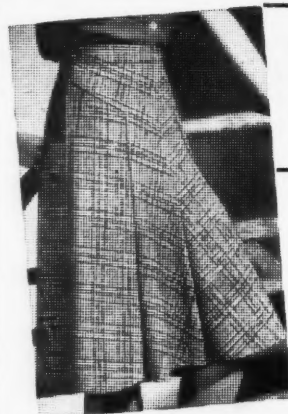
# EKCO

brought *Electric Power* to Radio

Your Radio, whether you are an Ekco owner or not, owes much to the lead that Ekco technicians have always given to the industry. This lead will be demonstrated once again when the time comes to start building peace-time radios for you.



E. K. COLE, LTD., EKCO WORKS, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA



*Controlled  
or  
Uncontrolled?*

One of many  
'GOR-RAY'  
CONTROLLED  
PRICE  
SKIRT  
DESIGNS

**G  
O  
R  
-  
R  
A  
Y**

THERE'S nothing at all about the appearance of any one of the 'Gor-ray' Price Controlled Skirts to suggest that the Government has anything to do with the production of this varied and attractive range. Only by the Government mark "CC41" and the 'GOR-RAY' LABEL inside can you distinguish them. Your draper or store will show you these amazing value-for-money skirts.

Look for this  
**DOUBLE  
GUARANTEE**

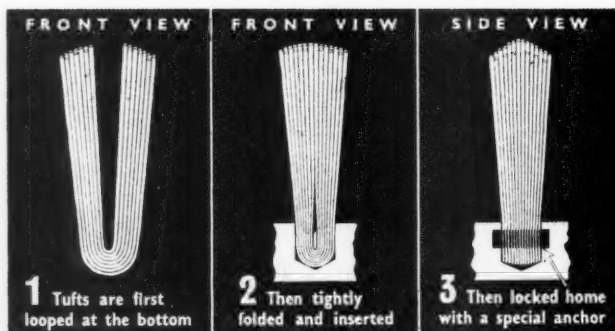


GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED PRICE **SKIRTS**

Issued by C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

Scientific

## The tufts of the Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH are ANCHORED



THAT'S one reason why it lasts so long and cleans so well. No mouthfuls of bristles when you use a Wisdom Toothbrush. The tufts of the Wisdom are of unspittable Nylon—made in England—not imported in precious cargo space.

You can rely on a Wisdom Toothbrush to last as long on the average as three best bristle brushes, which besides being economical for you is of national importance, since the plastics used for toothbrush handles are

used for aircraft manufacture. As war conditions have limited supplies, take extra care of your Wisdom. Dry it after use and do not use it in hot water.

**Wisdom** REGD.  
TOOTHBRUSH

**Outlasts 3 best bristle brushes** PRICE 2/5 (including Purchase Tax)

MADE BY ADDIS — MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



## To the better end

Nobody wants to waste good tobacco these hard times. But how many of us smoke each pipeful right to the end and enjoy every puff? Everybody ought to, and everybody can, if only he takes the trouble. Here is one of a few simple rules given us by a man who makes each pipe last an hour without relighting. He happens to be a devotee of Four Square—but you could probably get similar results with any other good tobacco.



### Hint No. 4

Keep your pipe between your teeth, don't keep taking it out of your mouth between puffs, as you do a cigarette. And if it shows signs of going out, try breathing out through the pipe occasionally as well as drawing in. This creates a two-way draught and keeps the tobacco alight without burning your tongue.

## FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING—EIGHT  
DIFFERENT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH

2½ TO 2⅞ PER OUNCE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1899), Paisley, Scotland



## For FREEDOM

"Freedom" is the word that inspires us all to put our utmost into the war effort. "Freedom in Wear" has always been the inspiration of "Van Heusen" Collars and "Vantella" Shirts. They provide the smartest, neatest, coolest wear under all conditions. "Van Heusen" Collars, in White, Colours, Khaki and R.A.F. blue. "Vantella" Shirts match all colours and designs of "Van Heusen" Collars.

**"VAN HEUSEN"**  
Semi-Stiff Collars Reg'd Trade Mark

**"VANTELLA"** Reg'd.  
*The Ideal Shirt for Men*

"VAN HEUSEN" by  
HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY, LTD.,  
Taunton, Somerset.

"VANTELLA" by  
COTELLA LTD.,  
27A, Chapel Street, London, N.W.1





## Ovaltine Sleep-

*The Kind of Sleep you need  
to ensure sustained Energy & Vitality*

WHEN so much depends upon your fitness-for-service it is of vital importance to see that you get the right kind of sleep.

'Ovaltine' Sleep is the best kind of sleep because it is both restorative and revitalising. It helps to rebuild the worn tissues of the body, replenish spent energy and restore the nerves. It also gives you a reserve of strength and vitality to carry you tirelessly far into the coming day.

Try a cup of 'Ovaltine' to-night and see how its soothing influence is quickly conducive to sleep—and how, by giving you the utmost benefit from your sleep, it enables you to put the utmost into your work.

'Ovaltine' is easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. Remember also that 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

P588A

## Have you heard about The TAYLORSUIT and ELECTRO-THERMAL EQUIPMENT?



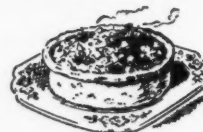
It's the latest and most comprehensive flying suit yet evolved—as near perfection as we can get it.

The Taylorsuit is a "safety suit" and an essential part of equipment. It has been designed to give comfort, freedom of movement, warmth, electric heating, buoyancy, fire resistance, quickness of removal. Booklet describing "The Taylorsuit" may be obtained direct from the manufacturers, who would post it to you "Care of" your Station Adjutant.

The Taylorsuit incorporates features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and other patents pending.

**BAXTER, WOODHOUSE  
& TAYLOR, LTD.**  
QUEEN'S BUILDINGS, STOCKPORT

## SOW... GROW... AND THEN ADD OXO



### MIXED VEGETABLE FLAN

(Enough for 4)

1/2 oz. dripping 1/2 oz. flour  
1 pint vegetable water 1 lb. mixed cooked  
1 tablespoon grated vegetables  
cheese Parsley to garnish  
Oxo Cube

Line a flan tin with short pastry. Cook about 15 minutes in a very hot oven, Regulo No. 7. Meanwhile melt the dripping in a pan and stir in the flour. Dissolve the Oxo cube in vegetable water and add it gradually. Stir until thick. Add the cut-up vegetables. Make really hot. Turn into the cooked flan case. Sprinkle with cheese and garnish with parsley. Serve hot.

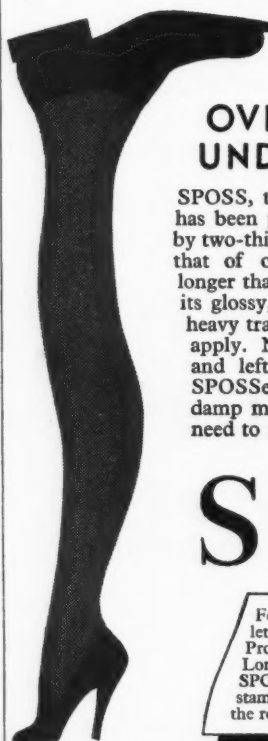
LET



**MEAT YOUR  
VEGETABLES**



## UP AND DOWN... UP AND DOWN



### OVERHEADS UNDER YOUR FEET

SPOSS, the modern liquid floor dressing, has been proved to cut floor maintenance by two-thirds. Its coverage is greater than that of ordinary polishes. SPOSS lasts longer than other polishes. Day after day, its glossy, waterproof surface stands up to heavy traffic. SPOSS takes less labour to apply. No rubbing; it is simply wiped on and left to dry. It needs no polishing. SPOSS floors can be cleaned easily with a damp mop again and again before there is need to make a fresh application.

## SPOSS

For further facts pin this coupon to your letterheading and post to Simmonds Products Ltd. (Dept. P.58), Great West Rd., London. If you wish for a copy of the SPOSS brochure please enclose 6d. in stamps to meet the cost in accordance with the requirements of the Paper Control.





BY ROYAL COMMAND



'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who was then making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Soon these cigarettes were the choice of every Court in Europe and of every circle whose members cherished the reputation of their taste. To-day Marcovitch Cigarettes are made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.

*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/11 — 25 for 3/4  
100 for 13/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING**  
**MIXTURE**



2 oz.  
Airtight tin  
5/-

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

*Letters from an ATCO to its owner*



**Dear Sir,** I think we can reasonably feel proud of ourselves — you for having successfully coped with my maintenance which the ATCO Depot people, through no fault of their own, were unable to carry out — I for carrying on in war-time under difficult conditions.

I say "difficult" because although I come of a family, whose stamina is a byword, there must be a limit to what any given working part will stand.

The stocks of replacement parts at your ATCO Depot are, naturally, limited and some items are, in fact, quickly diminishing. I suggest, therefore, that you give me a look-over now and ask for any spare parts immediately. The ATCO Depot people, whatever their other urgent responsibilities may be, are very alive to their responsibility to us and are anxious that you should get your necessary supplies. These are limited — so will you act quickly?

So it's *your* turn to write a letter!

Proudly,

**Your Atco**

Issued by Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., sole makers of the ATCO MOTOR MOWER

Longley



*"Simpsons, I presume!"*

Right first time! How often that's true in the fitting of a Simpson uniform. For behind the unmistakable master-touch of Simpson tailoring—there is a master-organisation. Four hundred selected agents. Each with expert fitters long experienced in handling Simpson clothes. A ready-to-wear service only possible with Simpson's resources. An organisation giving you Simpson tailoring, Simpson speed and Simpson sound value—wherever you're posted. For uniforms and full equipment for H.M. Forces and Women's Services—Simpsons.

**Simpson**  
PICCADILLY

OVER 400 SIMPSON AGENTS AND SIMPSON, 202 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

**Indigestion!**

**ALOCOL**

*Removes the Cause—  
Re-educates the Stomach*

THE treatment of excess acidity by 'Alocol' is founded on scientific knowledge, and 'Alocol' has, for many years, been widely prescribed by the medical profession. The effect of 'Alocol' is to absorb only the excess acid in the stomach and to leave the correct amount of acid to perform the natural processes of digestion.

Thus 'Alocol' gives relief by removing the cause of digestive discomfort. At the same time it soothes the stomach and leaves its digestive powers unimpaired.

By introducing this principle of acid control 'Alocol' marks an important advance in the treatment of indigestion. The use of 'Alocol' not only corrects digestive trouble, but also "re-educates" the stomach to fulfil its digestive functions naturally.

**ALOCOL**

SAFE AND SURE

by  
the principle  
of  
**Acid Control**

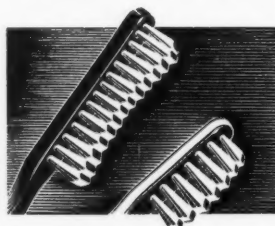
*The 'Alocol' treatment for indigestion should not be confused with alkali treatments. It is entirely different.*

Tablets:  
1/1½, 2/10 & 5/1

Powder:  
3/1 and 6/2½  
(including  
Purchase Tax)

A.C.7

## TOOTHBRUSHES AND THE WAR



Owing to shortage of materials chemists are only receiving a war-time ration of MERITOR TOOTHBRUSHES. Don't blame anyone if you cannot obtain your favourite pattern. Buy the best you can and use it carefully.

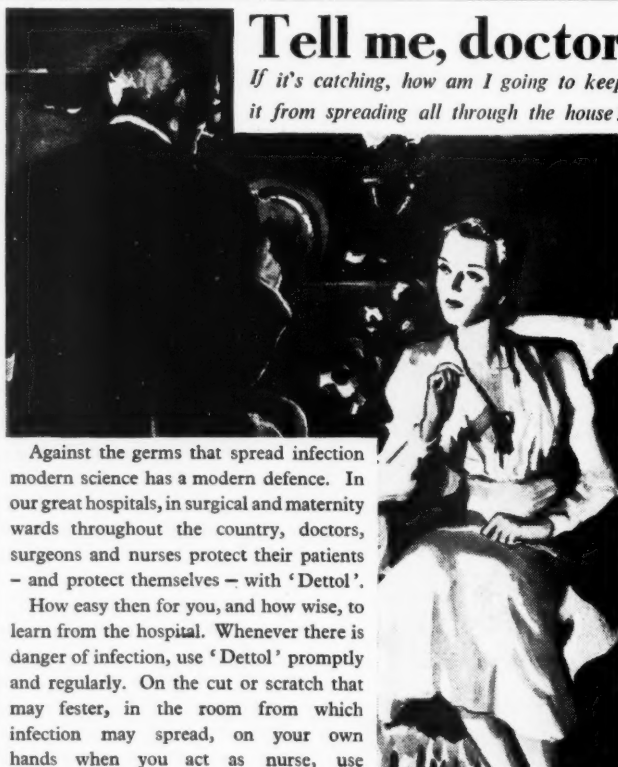
- 1 Rinse thoroughly after use, to remove surplus dentifrice.
- 2 Dry the brush, pressing bristles together to keep their shape.
- 3 Remember the best brushes last longest, so always ask for—

MERITOR—THE INQUISITIVE TOOTHBRUSH, obtainable from most qualified chemists.

**MAW OF BARNET**

**Tell me, doctor**

*If it's catching, how am I going to keep it from spreading all through the house?*



Against the germs that spread infection modern science has a modern defence. In our great hospitals, in surgical and maternity wards throughout the country, doctors, surgeons and nurses protect their patients—and protect themselves—with 'Dettol'.

How easy then for you, and how wise, to learn from the hospital. Whenever there is danger of infection, use 'Dettol' promptly and regularly. On the cut or scratch that may fester, in the room from which infection may spread, on your own hands when you act as nurse, use 'Dettol' as hospitals do. Ask your doctor—he knows all about 'Dettol'.

**DETTOL**

TRADE MARK

FROM ALL CHEMISTS THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC





### FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEANS HEALTH COMES TO THE WORLD

DEEP IN THESE SEAS swims the halibut. And within the halibut lies the source of one of the most potent aids to health ever discovered. For the doctors and scientists who search ceaselessly for whatever can benefit mankind discovered that halibut liver oil is one of the most richly concentrated sources of the vitamins which protect us from the onslaught of infection and disease.

The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these men—proud to supply them with the tools to fight disease and to help ordinary people to live happier lives.

### CROOKES

MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS



The Crookes Laboratories (British Colloids Ltd.) · Park Royal · London · N.W. 10

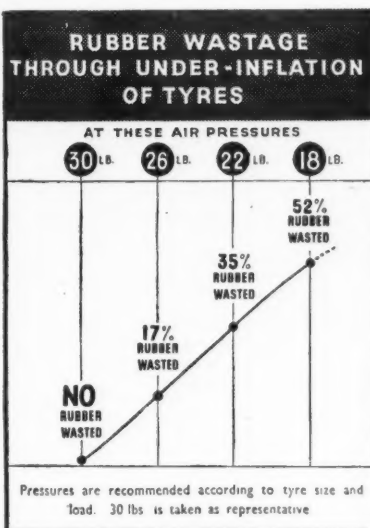
## Tyre Economy

There is a world shortage of rubber and it is essential that tyres now in use should yield the maximum service possible.

## » INFLATE TO RECOMMENDED PRESSURES «

It cannot be too strongly stressed that a tyre consists of a cover, a tube, and the air inside the tube. If the air pressure is incorrect, the cover

and tube cannot work efficiently. UNDERINFLATION always results in rapid or irregular tread wear, and permanent damage to the casing. It wastes petrol too.



# DUNLOP TYRES

## *Last Longer*

## AN ECONOMY TIP

for polishing shoes

\*

When cleaning shoes remember—a little cream goes a long way. That's important now that all dressings are becoming less plentiful. And here's another first-class tip. You should use Meltonian WHITE Cream for your coloured shoes if you find difficulty in getting dressings of the correct shade. Apply just a smear with a clean rag and rub well in. Up comes the shine—lovely and lasting.

*Meltonian Cream*

MELTONIAN WHITE CREAM for polished leather of any colour



### The Great Coat for the Man at Sea

THE Vitabuoy is the one great-coat for every Officer of the Navy or the Merchant Navy. The Vitabuoy is Waterproof . . . Galeproof . . . the Tropical interlining has been rendered completely flame-proof, and it is four times warmer than any woollen coat and a quarter of the weight.

★ The Vitabuoy is guaranteed to keep the wearer afloat, upright, for at least 72 hours, conscious or otherwise.

**Vitabuoy**  
(Regd. Trade Mark)  
**LIFE-SAVING COAT**

In two-fold Egyptian Navy Cotton Gabardine, triple proofed and interlined with "Tropical." Small, Medium and Large Sizes 6 Guineas. Plus Purchase Tax 12/6. Hood (if required) 17/6 extra, plus Purchase Tax 3/6. POST FREE.

Obtainable at leading Naval Outfitters, all Austin Reed's branches and principal stores throughout the country, or direct from the Manufacturers: Vitabuoy Products Ltd., Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1. Telephone: Bishopsgate 6565. Send remittance and state Height and Chest measurements.

## National effort with comfort afoot

P6476. In Black or Brown  
Glace Kid. Shape 30. Extra  
wide Fitting. Built heel 1½"  
high.

# Portland

STYLE • COMFORT  
SHOES

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining supplies of raw materials, it is impossible for us to promise that any individual shoe in our range is available from stock.

● Send for address of your nearest Portland Stockist.  
T. ROBERTS & SONS LTD. (DEPT. 92), PORTLAND SHOE WORKS, LEICESTER

Remember!

## THE "AB" COOKER

IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR

Regd. Design No. 837267

- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy** Ensured through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

You Are Invited . . .  
to visit the Demonstration Kitchen at the address below; a cooking expert will show the "AB" Cooker in action—and advise you on any of your war-time cooking problems.

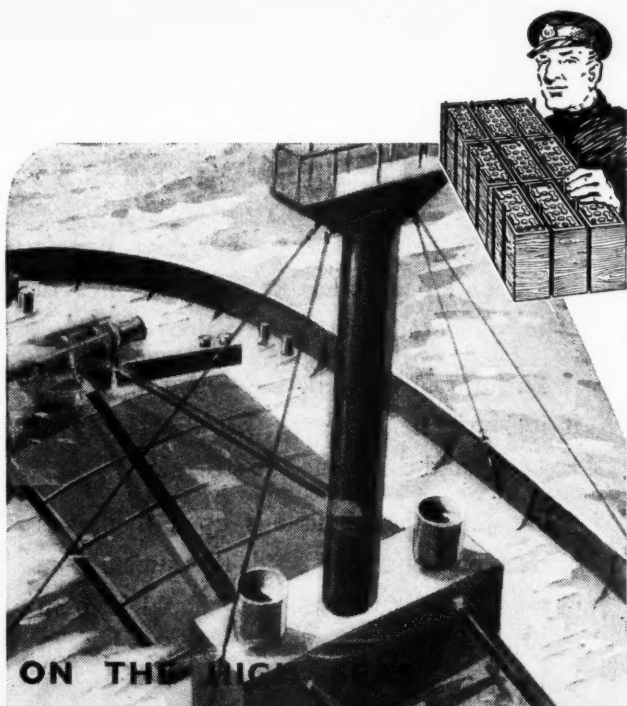
Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to:

**FEDERATED SALES LIMITED**  
(Dept. P29) 80, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Mayfair 5054/6

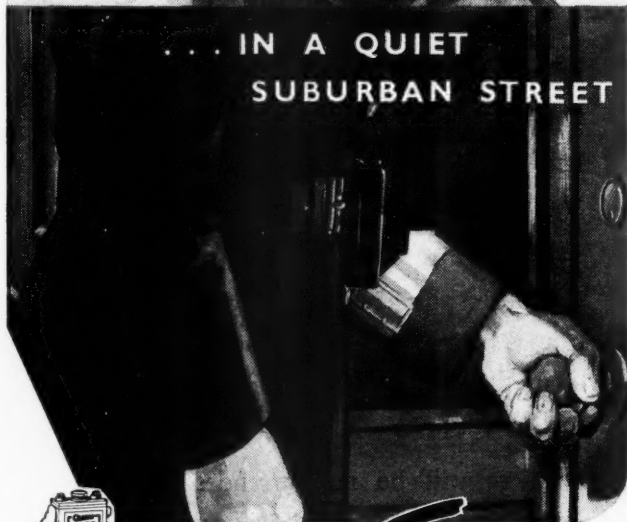
**COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING**

(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Ltd.)





ON THE HIGH

...IN A QUIET  
SUBURBAN STREET*Safety*

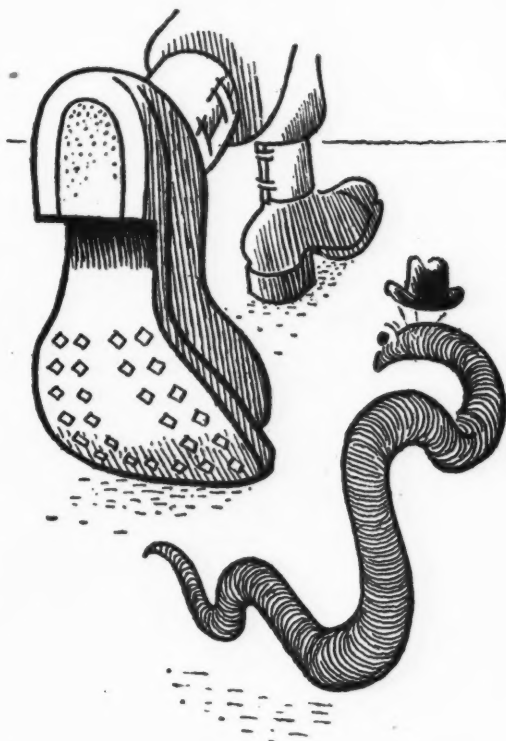
often depends on the reliability of

*Built-to-Last* **BATTERIES**

OLDHAM &amp; SON LTD., DENTON, MANCHESTER. EST. 1865

*Manufacturers of Electric Storage Batteries for all purposes*

C/P 2444



"I don't like Army boots," says William the Worm, "and I'm always dodging them now we've got soldiers in the Club House. But, boots or not, I'm still proud of our drive—it's a marvel the way it stands up. 'Colas', I heard the Secretary say the other day, 'Colas made a real job of it.'"

*When Peace returns to the Gardens and Country Clubs of the world, there will be Colas products again to make drives, sweeps and paths trim and durable.*



COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 5-6, CROSBY SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.3  
PHONE: AVENUE 5331. 'GRAMS: COLASFALT, STOCK, LONDON





## From The R.A.F. Wing in Soviet Russia

Sirs,

— Squadron

*It might interest your people that I was with the R.A.F. Wing in Soviet Russia. Before going I had the foresight to purchase a large supply of Barneys "Punchbowl," being my special brand of tobacco, which I smoked and duly enjoyed in the temperatures which were at times 25° below freezing point.*

*Yours faithfully,*

—, Flight-Lieut.

[All letters published in the Barneys advertising are quite spontaneous and can be verified by inspection.]

## Tribute to Barneys

★ Barneys is medium and suits the pipe-smoker of average tastes; Parsons Pleasure is mild... for gentler palates and for the beginner - with - the - pipe.

Punchbowl is the full-strength Barneys, strong, cool and deeply satisfying, much favoured by men of action and achievement. 2s. 5d. ounce.

## To keep "fighting fit"...

Starving people win no victories; that is why such immense efforts are made on both sides in blockade and counter-blockade.

The people must be fed—and well fed; it is inevitable therefore that the House of Heinz should come into the struggle.

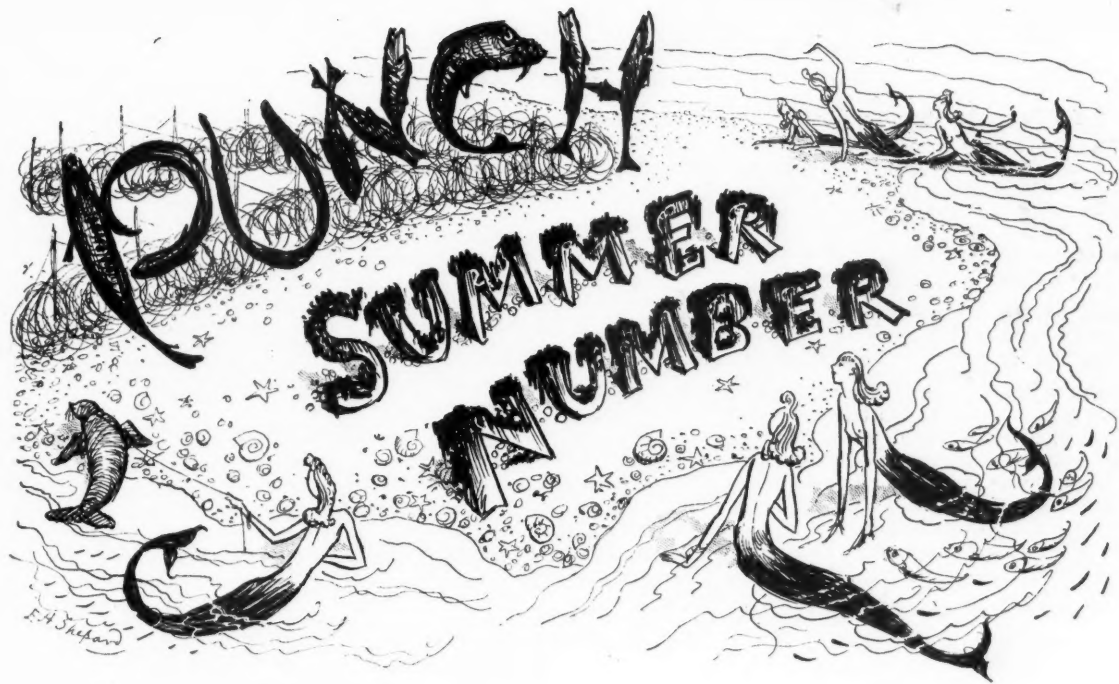
Inevitable that thousands upon thousands of cases of the famous Foods that stream from our great London Kitchens should help in keeping the gallant lads of the Services fit and tough.

For a while the Home Front went short of Heinz 57 Varieties. We were building up a National emergency reserve. Now that the first needs are being satisfied and adaptation to war conditions is completed, more and more supplies will enliven the Civilian larder.

But one point remains unchanged. Quality cannot be sacrificed just to increase production—in this sense the flag of the 57 is nailed to the mast.

There will be no surrender in quality. Every new can of the 57 Varieties is a renewed pledge of faith—an unbreakable faith.





## Uniform

"THEY allow us thirty-five pounds," said Cadet Symphon, "and I'm told that it can be done comfortably within that amount."

"Who told you that?" I asked rather sceptically.

"A fellow I met in the train who had just got his commission. Of course he admitted that he didn't have to buy a Service dress jacket, because he had one that his brother had outgrown. Then he bought in the greatcoat he had worn as a private, and had it altered."

"Didn't it look sort of altered?" I suggested.

"It did, rather. But it stands to reason the Government would allow us more than £35 if you couldn't get a decent uniform for £35. Let's get all the tailors' price-lists and work the thing out."

We sat down with the price-lists and pencils and paper, and after a bit Symphon looked up.

"Eyelet and Fringe," he said, "can do the whole thing for £34 15s. Of course that doesn't include underclothes or socks, but then I suppose that in theory we have got those left over from civilian life."

I finished my own calculations. Zipper and Seam, I reckoned, could do the whole thing for £34 17s.

"It is two bob more than Eyelet and Fringe," I said, "but two bobs' extra smartness may mean earlier promotion, with a consequent increase in pay."

Symphon said that he intended to rise by merit alone, and that he would stick to Eyelet and Fringe. So we parted, seeking out our chosen firms.

Both Mr. Zipper and Mr. Seam were engaged when I called, but a hawk-eyed man rather like Sherlock Holmes spared me a few minutes. He did not seem keen to serve me, and when I told him that I wanted a complete officer's outfit for £34 17s. he seemed to lose interest altogether, and presently dashed off to sell a man a cane covered in leather and priced at 18s. 6d. Although I had budgeted for a plain cane at 1s. 6d., I felt that I had better have an 18s. 6d. one to ingratiate myself with Sherlock Holmes. He seemed so pleased to be selling a leather-covered cane to the other man that I felt sure canes were his Achilles' heel.

"I also," I said, "will have one of those canes."

He was delighted. He apologized for being a trifle off-hand, and measured me with zest. Then he said that it was

an extraordinary thing, but he had a greatcoat on his hands which would fit me exactly. It had been made for a brigadier who had been bowler-hatted for writing a letter to the *Grantchester Guardian* or something, and though the brigadier would have paid £15 15s. for it, I could have it for £10 10s., plus purchase tax.

Reluctantly, I tried it on. I looked like a major, Sherlock Holmes said. I tried on an ordinary £8 8s. overcoat, and I looked like a second-lieutenant who had got through an O.C.T.U. by accident.

"You look *yourself* in that," said Sherlock Holmes, and I nodded sadly.

I bought the brigadier's coat. But I insisted on having everything else of the cheapest sort—until I tried the things on. Perhaps it was the brigadier's coat that made them look so subalternish.

Two hours later I met Symphon in a bar, by appointment.

"How much have you spent?" he asked accusingly.

"Sixty pounds," I said, "but I've got everything except socks."

"I'm spending sixty-five," said Symphon, "but," he added triumphantly, "that includes socks and studs and everything."

## Grastipholus With His Loot

or, The Salvage Plumber

**H**AVE you time to spare from winning the war, these long golden summer days (I hope), to listen to the story of a plumber? I was going to make a Post-script to the News out of it, but they didn't think there'd ever be even an Eight O'clock News short enough.

This was no ordinary plumber. This was the man who inspired Mr. Masefield, or whoever it was, to write the celebrated lines:

*A plumber in a peaked cap railing at the piping—  
Railing in a Cockney twang that had a tinge of Welsh . . .  
His glasses needed wiping, and his boots went squelch.*

But it was not that particular occasion, though it has its charm, that I was going to tell you about.

The plumber's name was Toboggan—Grastipholus Toboggan. He was a man of unusual conscientiousness; sluggish but persistent, like a bubble in syrup, he managed early in May to get to the third of the one hundred and forty-eight houses to which he had been called as a result of the hard frosts of January, February and March. It was Number 122 Limpopo Road, S.E., and when he rang at the door he could not make anyone hear. His mate (Jeff) was all for going away to deal with Number 193, which happened to be the fourth of the one hundred and forty-eight; but Grastipholus said "If we once cease to abide by the principle of strict rotation, where are we, I ask you, cully, what I mean?"

"Well," said Jeff, "likely we're mendin' sunnick, not standin' on a ruddy step pullin' at a bell-push."

But Grastipholus insisted that they ought to make further efforts to get into Number 122.

"Look," he said, indicating a stream of water coming from under the door. "I remember now, this was an urgent call."

After further debate they got in through a window, inside which the first thing that met their eyes was a tear-off calendar that showed the date

JANUARY 7

with a quotation from Wordsworth (not one of his best).

On the table was a half-finished sock, and the shelves were full of half-bound books.

"Reminds me of the *Marie Celeste*," said Jeff.

They followed the trail of water upstream. Its source proved to be a cupboard near the top of the stairs infested with pipes of every thickness curling in every direction. With a swift movement (try it some time) the expert Grastipholus had located the offending one, cut it in half and sealed its ends to stop the flow.

For a few moments they pondered, listening to the sound of dripping all over the house. Then Grastipholus went into the bathroom, looked round, and pondered again.

"Obviously," he said at length to Jeff, who had followed him in, "there is no one here, and I think we should be justified in supposing, cully, that there is no immediate likelihood of the owners' return. Now what is the conscientious salvage-steward's instant reaction to the sight of all those useless metal pipes, this tap, *this* tap, those taps, and in particular this forlorn and abandoned bath?"

Jeff's only comment was "Then aht spake brave Vesuvius," which appeared to be irrelevant.

"I believe," Grastipholus went on, "that all this unemployed waste metal would make just the necessary

difference to our lotal total—I mean our local total. Without it our dump will not weigh as much as Scrapehole's, which is unhealthily bloated by an altogether suspicious accumulation of shaving-cream tubes. There is no evidence at all that the inhabitants of Scrapehole shave or even wash as much as that. With all this stuff, on the other hand, our own dear dump—need I say more, cully?"

"Nah," said Jeff. "You said enough for six."

First dispatching Jeff to turn off the water at the main, Grastipholus set happily to work with his saw and blow-lamp, and before long they had between them dismantled all the plumbing in the place. It made a noble pile.

"Don't tell me we can get all that on the ole barrer," said Jeff.

"Well, no," Grastipholus admitted. "But we have no time to make more than one journey. The dumps are being weighed in the presence of the Mayor this morning. We must borrow a conveyance, cully."

"Oo from?"

Grastipholus looked cautiously out of the front door. Apart from their own barrow the only thing with wheels in sight was the van of a Scrapehole tradesman who had undertaken to make deliveries for a number of other Scrapehole tradesmen. It contained bread, meat, groceries, fish, some frosted glass and a small tin of typewriter-oil (unwrapped) for Mrs. Whingery of 121. The driver was in fact delivering this at the moment, and the van was unattended.

"Now," said Grastipholus, "is our chance. Help me downstairs with the bath, cully."

It was Jeff's idea to put most of the other stuff in the bath first, and so save labour.

A few moments later passers-by in the street paused, hardly knowing why, to watch while two men with something vaguely interesting about their appearance staggered festooned with piping out of the front door of a house carrying a bath full of what might have been lead spaghetti. It was the work of a moment (a loud moment) to get the whole load on to the van.

Grastipholus at once climbed to the driver's seat and started to drive off.

"Ain't you even goin' to let the bloke know we've stole 'is ruddy van?" inquired Jeff, leaping on to the running-board.

"Why should I?" said Grastipholus. "What I mean, a nod is as good as a wink, and less likely to be misconstrued, cully. He'll find out."

A faint yell from behind suggested that he had found out already.

Nevertheless Grastipholus and Jeff had successfully reached the local dump and tipped their precious load on to it before the Scrapehole tradesman arrived with the police.

It is hardly necessary to add that their extra hundred-weights made all the difference. And as Grastipholus Toboggan sits in his cell, calculating how much in the way of war weapons the window-bars would make if they were melted down, he has the satisfaction of knowing something or other.

In a neighbouring cell sits Jeff, brooding sadly on Orpheus, the salvage-man's classic example of misdirected effort. Orpheus with his lute made trees; but don't ask me how.

R. M.





*"As you—*



Frank  
Reynolds

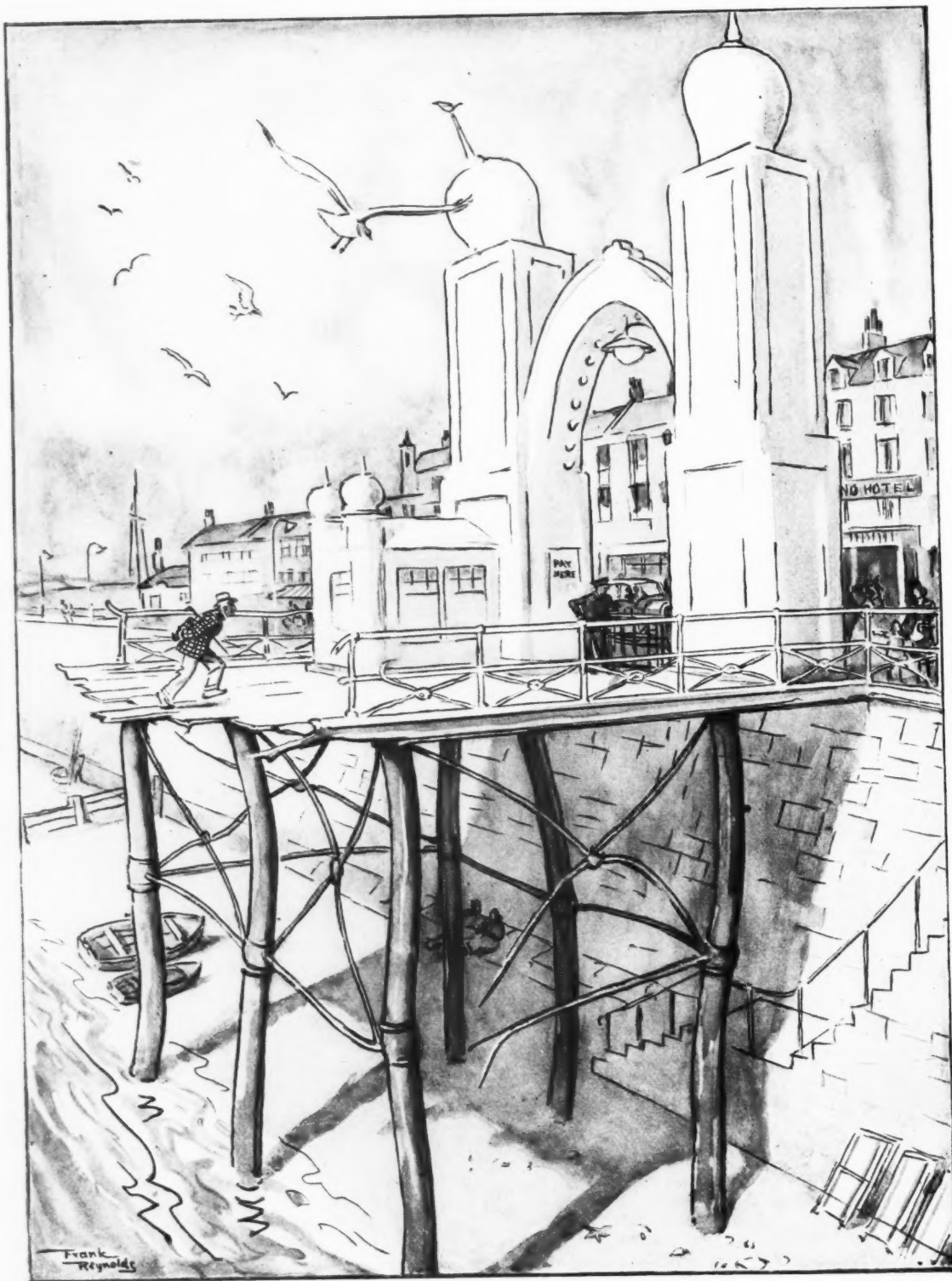
*were!"*



*"I'd have thought HE would have had command of something bigger."*







*"Nevertheless, I still have my walk to the end of the pier and back."*

## Adastral Bodies

There's Money in It!

**I**N the banking halls of Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street and Poultry there is to be sensed a certain atmosphere, an atmosphere for which the fabulously costly air-conditioning plants are not to be held responsible. It is an atmosphere of breathless reverence, and is only elsewhere to be found (and even then in a less intense form) in the lofty naves of our more ancient cathedrals. To such noble edifices as these, at any rate, one had hitherto thought its benison to be confined.

But it is not so. This aura of velvet-footed devotion may, it seems, breathe its influence upon humbler places. How else should a silence, barely broken by an occasional staccato exclamation, descend every other Friday upon the Muddington-on-Sea Corporation Solarium and Pavilion? For descend it does. There, by courtesy of the Muddington-on-Sea Corporation, every other Friday, filing before a trestle table with an Air Force blanket over it and a galaxy of Air Force officers behind it, we, No. 3 Wing of Muddington-on-Sea Initial Training Centre, are paid.

It is not as simple as that, either.

For each man to be paid—that is, to shout out “Sir!” reel off his number, grab his money, salute, turn right and stride transfigured from the scene—takes a few seconds only; but he is one of many, and even if his name is Aaron or Absalom his pay parade will still occupy him until the Zedekiahs and the Zeuses have snatched the last pieces of silver from the coarse blue table-cloth. Besides, it has taken him a long time, as one might say, to get where he is. The paying of our Wing takes a full half-day a fortnight. No doubt there is a training syllabus somewhere which says, every other week: “Friday Morning. Pay Parade.” Twelve working days a year we devote to our participation in this distribution of public money; and our Wing is one of many. This should serve as a rebuke to those who maintain that money means nothing nowadays.

Pay parade, like all parades, is a protracted and complex affair, its intricate machinery needing to be set in motion many hours in advance of the actual moment when notes and coins begin to change hands. It is for this reason that we make a start early in the morning. The assembling, marshalling, shuffling and reshuffling of No. 3 Wing is begun a good three hours before the galaxy of officers even know that there is going to be a pay parade, and we are well on the way to being in alphabetical order before they have assisted at the solemn rite of drawing the money from the bank. Our evolutions are continued, with an occasional “fall out for a quick smoke,” until, at 1100 hours, we ultimately find ourselves marking time sluggishly outside the glass doors of the Muddington-on-Sea Solarium and Pavilion. We are hot and exhausted by then, but we smile happily, our faces flushed with greed.

Pay-day is an anxious time for our N.C.O.s, and our hearts go out to them from the very beginning. To start with, it is no easy task to arrange three or four hundred men in alphabetical order, and it is a pitiful spectacle to see the corporals and sergeants as they run up and down our stolid ranks, cudgelling their brains to recall the sequence of the letters of the alphabet. They knew it only a fortnight ago, they seem to be saying to themselves, and now the confounded thing's gone again. Another difficulty is that they cannot get out of their heads the idea that we ought to be arranged in sizes, as for other parades. On our last pay parade but one we were very nearly late for the actual

ceremony owing to a difference of opinion over this. Corporal O'Brien and Corporal Welt were the officiating organizers, and whereas Corporal O'Brien had remembered that the alphabet had to be brought into play, Corporal Welt, working at the far end of the column, was busying himself with feet and inches, collecting around him men that were tall, in the belief that Corporal O'Brien was, some hundred and fifty yards away, systematically collecting those that were short.

Two valuable hours were wasted in this fashion, and a pathetically optimistic attempt to compromise, founded on the forlorn hope that all the As might be big men and all the Zs small ones, with suitable gradations intervening, met with inevitable disaster.

As a result of this, an hour later, Second-Class Aircraftman Abbott narrowly avoided being put on a charge. Fighting his way from the serried ranks of Us, Vs and Ws he arrived at the pay-table hatless, breathless and lacking a greatcoat button. Upon offering an explanation he was tersely recommended by the Witnessing Officer to endeavour to learn the alphabet during the next fourteen days. He agreed to do this, but made no further comment, which goes to show how discipline is beginning to lick us into shape.

After two hours or so of preparation for any ordinary parade there is no doubt whatever that the seeds of mutiny have been sown in the hearts of the rank and file; true, their resentment is temporarily dispelled by the blessed “fall out for a quick smoke,” but it is seldom that a third hour of preparation may be inflicted on them without evoking frank declarations of boredom, or worse. An N.C.O.'s reaction to these mutterings depends upon his temperament; he may devote a quarter of an hour to an attempt to trace the mutterer, always without success, or he may say fiercely, “You're cheeced off!” and march us round at the double to relieve his feelings.

This never happens on a pay parade. There will be something for us at the end of it besides sore feet and the discovery that the N.A.A.F.I. has taken advantage of our preoccupation to dispose of all its cigarettes. Even the N.C.O.s maintain throughout a semi-jovial air, though they, of course, are rumoured to “pull down” tremendous fortnightly sums and have more reason for gaiety than their more modestly rewarded subordinates. Our reward is small, and we work hard for it—harder on pay-day, perhaps, than on any other day.

Admittedly, we have not brought down any Messerschmitts yet, but on the other hand we have not wasted any expensive bombs or piled up any expensive planes. It's not as if we were costing the country much, yet. And we have left our homes and our wives and our incomes behind us. As Second-Class Aircraftman Trueman said last Friday, surveying the dirty one-pound note it had taken him four hours to get—“It wouldn't be so bad if it was every Friday.”

o o

“GENERAL, experienced: Maxwell Park, semi villa; electric washing machine; immersion heater; gas poker in public room fire; no meals after 5.45; own bath room with electric heater; own wireless; heater in bedroom; library subscription provided; paid holidays; liberal time off; good wages.”—*Advt. in Scottish Paper.*

All this and heaven too!



*"Late again, Spenlow; I'm afraid you'll have to find some better way of getting here of a morning."*

## Intelligence Test

**O**H, I'm not leaving the Army. No, the Army's leaving me.

A modern soldier-boy is not what I'm cut out to be. They gave me an Intelligence Test; I gave it back again; The Army, it moved on, and I must evermore remain A simple little civilian chap who works to beat the deuce, Whose intellect ain't the type for tests but just for general use,

Who knew his drill and his musketry and all that sort of thing,

But who couldn't pass an Intelligence Test by getting up to sing:

"If A can walk a mile and a quarter  
While B is walking east,  
And every gallon of stout or porter  
Contains three grams of yeast,  
And all the oranges George gave Pete  
And the apples Bill gave Sue  
Take sixteen seconds (or is it feet?),  
Say quickly: False or True?"

The chaps who did the Battalion Test were awfully bucked to find

The Colonel came out a hundred and fifth, and the majors far behind,

And lieutenants and captains out of sight—a logical sequence, no?

But it didn't account for Private Ox, who was top of the bally show.

And it didn't account for Private Thick, a very close second best,

Who took his Intelligence Test in cells while under close arrest

For a crime-sheet solid from head to foot with trouble to last a life.

Well, it did account for me and my song, the ditty I sing my wife:

"If yesterday was the day before  
The second day after Yule,  
And if my grandmother's sister's door  
Is long as a six-foot rule,  
And a dromedary's a kind of bird,  
A doctor or a drum,  
Why then, it possibly seems absurd  
But sixpence is the sum."

## Exercise Gordon

**I**T is two o'clock on Saturday. That just shows how careful one must be. It is nothing of the sort. It is 1400 hours.

Exercise Gordon has begun. (Zero minus 18 hrs: Transport to Bivouac Area.) For the last month we have successively learnt and unlearned the daily revisions of operation orders. We have reconnoitred the ground during evenings and week-ends, so that most of the grass has been trampled into the mud, although the larger trees still stand. We believe that this exercise will do a lot to influence the future trend of military thought.

For once the R.A.S.C. lorries have arrived ten minutes early. This shows the importance the Army attaches to our operation. Usually they are an hour late. It is a pity they have arrived at map reference 783916 instead of 983716, especially as we hear that there is some trouble about their having all driven through someone's garden in order to get the wrong map reference exactly right. This means that they will be two hours late, but it does not matter. We have counted on it.

We listen to the Signalling Officer, Lieutenant Tapper, who is slightly unbalanced because he has got hold of some wire. He says it will change the whole character of the operation by giving us something tangible in the way of communications. It seems that now if he had telephones we would be able to talk to one another during the exercise, except that this is the wrong kind of wire.

The C.O. lets us make the latest alterations to operation orders in pencil. This strikes the note of urgency. He has always insisted on ink before. The war is on our doorstep.

Lieutenant Crasher, of the Commandos, whose injuries from unarmed combat keep him at headquarters, is insisting that the Quartermaster must find another meal for his H.Q. Covering Party while we are waiting. He says that an officer's first duty is to see that his men are well cared for, and it seems that it is two hours since his men last ate. Lieutenant Crasher is very forceful. His cane has a blob of lead on the end of it. They say it is the one he used to use when he was a burglar. The Q.M. is weakening.

Lieutenant Tapper reports that his men are pleasurably excited at the prospect of being token field-telephones. Up to now it seems that they have always had to be token wireless sets, which they have come to look upon as cissy.

The forty-five lorries have arrived at last to pick up three H.Q. personnel and equipment. We tell the sergeant that we only wanted three lorries to pick up forty-five H.Q. personnel and equipment, but he does not mind. He



is very broadminded. He says he will take all forty-five of us and chance it, though the other forty-two really ought to walk. It seems that he likes the Home Guard. He says that on jobs like this Home Guard officers so often have a whip-round for the sergeant and drivers that he doesn't mind doing anything for them.

As soon as Lieutenant Crasher's men have finished their tea and have been issued with their special haversack ration we are off. On the way we talk about the Exercise. The capture of the Mental Hospital, Phase 4 ("NOTE: The hospital and its grounds are STRICTLY OUT OF BOUNDS to all troops"), is going to be a tricky operation, calling for the highest qualities of leadership.

We have arrived at the farm that is to be our bivouac H.Q. The signallers are busy with their wire. The cooks are sweating hard trying to get a meal for the H.Q. Covering Party, who have a heavy day before them. The farmer is raising hell because some of the signallers have climbed on to one of his roofs and may knock a tile off. We point out that most of the tiles are off already, but it seems that he is specially attached to the ones that are left. He finally agrees to let it pass this time, because he rather likes the Home Guard himself. He seems to think it jolly decent the way Home Guard officers using the farm generally have a whip-round before they leave to pay for any possible damage.

Lieutenant Tapper is on the skyline two miles away laying a line to our right flank. We are called to a conference at Zone H.Q. The Zone Commander has decided to make a change or two, because the enemy has booked all our billets on the right flank; so that he is putting our start line a mile back. It is too dark now to reconnoitre a new position for first Field H.Q. in the morning, so we choose a nice clean-looking map reference.

It is time to put out our patrols which "will contact the enemy during the night, and will take prisoners, but will not fight." Nos. 1 and 3 Companies have sent out officer patrols twenty strong. We have negotiated safe-conduct from the enemy for a lorry to fetch more rations. When these come Lieutenant Crasher thinks there will be enough for the officers and the rest of H.Q. staff to have a share.

No. 1 Company reports that its patrol has returned twelve strong with seven prisoners. No. 3 Company reports that its patrol has returned thirteen strong with the rest of No. 1 Company's patrol as prisoners. The rule about non-violence has not been quite observed. A local milkman turns up at last with milk, so that we can have tea, as the H.Q. Covering Party are sleeping it off. The milkman says he does not mind turning out in the dark, because Home Guard officers nearly always have a whip-round for him. It seems to us that most Home Guard officers must be pretty potty, chucking their money about like a lot of drunken sailors.

It is 0200 hrs. We are called to Zone again. By the time we arrive the Zone Commander is sleeping and must not be disturbed. As no one knows what he wanted we come back. We are stopped by a sentry. He wants to know the password which Lieutenant Crasher has kept to himself. We tell the sentry that in the circumstances he should send us to the farm under escort. It seems that in the ordinary way he would, but they are just getting down to their evening meal and so he will tell us the password in confidence. It is Moscow and he makes us say it before he lets us go.

Lieutenant Tapper is frantic about his wire which, now that the start line has been put back, is lying in enemy country. He sends out linemen to reel it in, but the enemy have done so already. They also reel in the linemen.

It is getting light. Lieutenant Crasher announces that he has mounted a guard over the cookhouse to see that everyone gets a share. The Zone Commander has woken up and

sent for us. He has decided to effect the capture of the Mental Hospital from the South instead of from the East. We must be very careful not to let anyone enter the hospital or its grounds while capturing it. Lieutenant Crasher, who has come with us by mistake, supposes there will be no objection to his men throwing burning paraffin-rags through the windows, but this is ruled out. It is raining like blazes.

We find the H.Q. Covering Party fallen in when we return. They have had three breakfasts and are swaying slightly, but are still game. We move to find our first Field H.Q. It is knee-deep in brambles and on the banks of an inflow to the sewage farm. It is raining much harder, but the advance is beginning.

We have taken all our first objectives and are on the move again. Everything is going to plan. We have had to leave the H.Q. Covering Party behind as they are loaded down with haversack rations. Lieutenant Crasher says that when they have eaten their way through some of them they will be more mobile.

We have taken our second objectives. No casualties or prisoners. The enemy must be playing a cunning game. We are very wary. The rain is increasing.

The Adjutant wants the C.O. to send back for the band. He has been brooding over the Mental Hospital attack and he says that Joshua was the only great captain of history who ever pulled off a job like that. He will back our band against Joshua's for demolition work.

The enemy are being very elusive. It is most disturbing. We are entering Phase 3 an hour early instead of four hours late as intended. The Zone Intelligence Officer drives up. He says that he meant to contact us some hours ago but it got overlooked. He says that the enemy have gone home as all their men are working hard during the week and it would not do for them to get colds. He says that if we like we can carry on with our part of the operation. He doesn't mind. It is very fair and decent of him. Perhaps we should have a whip-round for him. He wonders how we will pick up our transport.

Lieutenant Crasher says that this means that the Q.M. will have to find his men a hot meal when we get back. It is now starting to rain really hard. A. M. C.

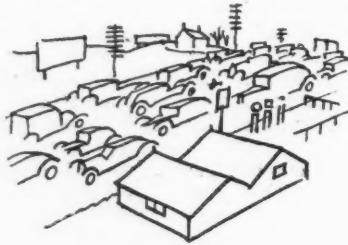


"I'm a souvenir ahead of you already, Fred."

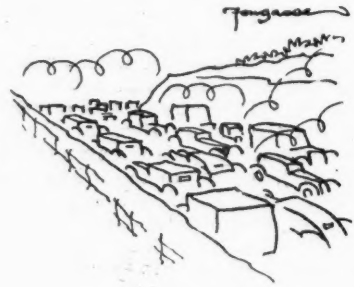
*Summertime . . . do you remember how we used to jump gaily into our cars and go off for—*



*a breather—how we used to roam about—*



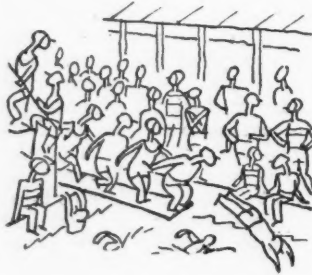
*the countryside, along the little lanes and byways, enjoying—*



*the wind on the beach and the song of the birds and—*



*all the little wayside flowers—*



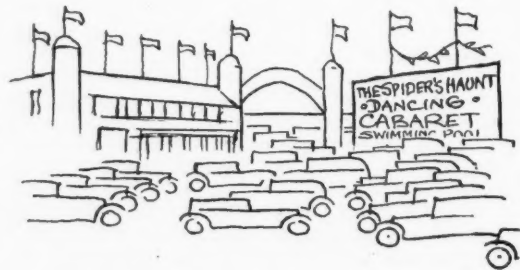
*with, maybe, a bathe in some secluded spot—*



*or, possibly, a ramble across the downs:*



*do you remember how we used to picnic far from the haunts of men—*



*and, perhaps, finish up by dining in some quaint little village inn?*



*Ah me, ah me, how different is to-day!*







*"This bit somehow always reminds me of Elfin Copse, just behind Little Chipping church."*

## Prisoner of War

**I**N the last war, with Denmark neutral and Switzerland directly accessible through Northern France, it was relatively simple to supply prisoners of war in Germany with parcels of food, clothing and books. In this war, since the collapse of France, it has been very difficult, especially during the months when in addition to all the other complications our home rail-traffic was dislocated by the heavy air raids. Some idea of the problems faced and solved can be gathered from *Prisoner of War* (HORACE MARSHALL AND SONS, 6d.), a pamphlet recently issued by the British Red Cross. For a long time a slow train journey across Spain was the only route parcels could take. But now, after being transhipped at Lisbon, they go by sea to Marseilles in vessels which are under the International Red Cross, and thence to Geneva, where a large reserve of parcels has been built up, out of which it would be possible to let each prisoner have his weekly parcel should the flow from England be temporarily interrupted.

Photographs, particularly when they have had to pass a stiff censorship, are apt to be deceptive, and letters from a prison camp cannot be too critical of the writer's circumstances. Nevertheless, the general impression I get from this pamphlet is that life as a prisoner of war in Germany to-day is much what it was in the last war, when I spent nearly two years in officers' camps at Karlsruhe and Mainz. Karlsruhe, when I arrived there in the middle of February 1917, was a new camp, situated in a park in the middle of the town. Surrounded by wooden palings and a barbed-wire barricade, it covered from two to three acres. At one end were two parallel rows of chestnut trees, separated by a grass plot, where the donkey who brought our parcels from the station used to graze. Over the rest of the enclosure, with a good deal of gravel space in between, were scattered the wooden huts in which we lived. As it was a new camp there was no reserve of parcels, and for some weeks we had nothing except tinned shrimps in jelly and a few other dubious articles from the canteen to supplement our two daily meals, at twelve and six. At the midday meal we received our ration of brown bread for the day, about equal to three ordinary slices, a couple of potatoes and a few scraps of meat or fish; and the evening meal was much the same, on a still smaller scale. In order to turn in for the night with a reasonably full stomach, we preserved our potatoes, with as much bread as our self-control had spared, till eight-thirty or so, and then, with the tinned shrimps from the canteen, made fish-balls—and so to bed, momentarily appeased.

People are not at their best on short rations, and it was not until parcels began to arrive, and the first ecstasy of tasting bacon and Bath Oliver biscuits again had died down, that we began to form ourselves into a fairly civilized community. We had a librarian and assistant to look after the books, which were now arriving in large numbers; we had concerts, theatrical shows and debates; and a Church of England service on Sundays was instituted, to the satisfaction of the Dowager Duchess of Baden, an old lady who was rumoured to have happy memories of attending divine service with Queen Victoria in the 'seventies, and who had told the Camp Commandant that she hoped our needs in this direction were being met.

Many nations were represented at Karlsruhe, English, French, Italians, Serbians, Russians, Japs and Portuguese, but by far the largest contingents were the English and French. One had plenty of opportunities of observing the differences between the French and English characters.

It was rare during the summer to see a French officer without a tunic, or an English officer except in shirt-sleeves. The shows put on by the English were farcical, riotous and full of incident. The French plays were very sober affairs, performed with a grave regard for technical finish. Sometimes conversations in French and English were exchanged, but it was rather mournful to watch an English and a French officer pacing under the chestnut-trees, nor would the same pair often be seen together for more than a week or ten days. "He wanted to talk to me about *Shakespeare*!" I once heard the English member of one of these pairs cry to his stupefied friend.

Except for roll-call at 10 A.M. and 9 P.M., the camp authorities left us entirely to ourselves. The camp adjutant, a fat little lieutenant, knew no English, and I can still see his look of rather suspicious perplexity when one of our officers, who had had a glass or two at the canteen, exclaimed at roll-call—"Look at old bugwhiskers with his helmet on—I rather like it." On another occasion an English colonel got into difficulties by referring to the Germans as Huns during a turn at one of the concerts. The commandant, informed of the incident by the camp interpreter, sent for the colonel. Hun, said the colonel, was a nickname for German, in common use in England. But, the commandant gasped, had the colonel no knowledge of who the Huns were? Had he never heard of Attila? Attila? queried the colonel. No, he couldn't say he knew the name. Who might he be? "But this is extraordinary!" cried the commandant. Sending for a German encyclopædia, he instructed the interpreter to read out the article on Huns in English. The colonel listened attentively, and at the close said that, of course, he now entirely understood why the Germans objected to this term.

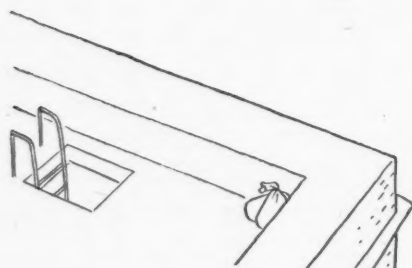
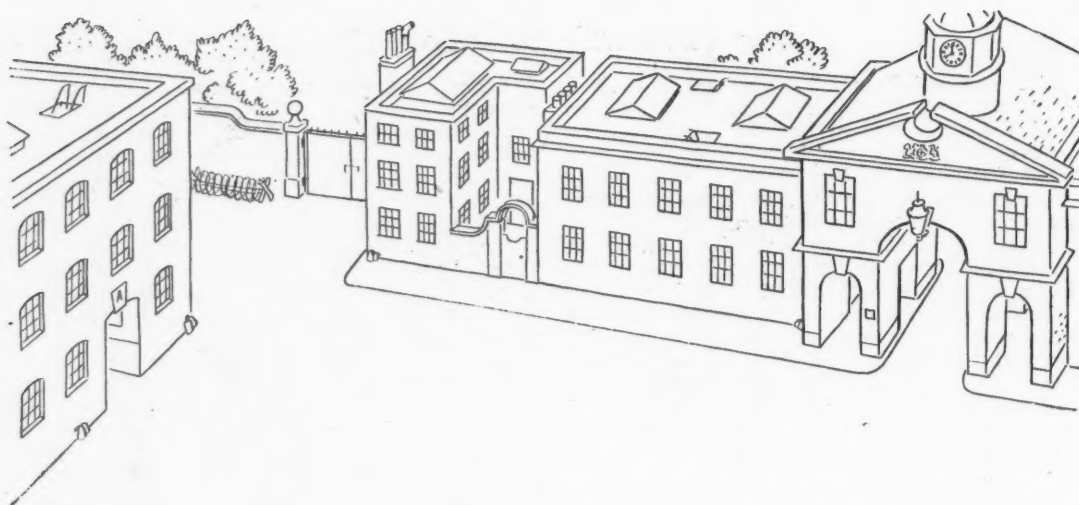
In favourable conditions, such as I enjoyed, captivity is among the lesser ills of war. But the perpetual confinement, the perpetual society of one's own sex, and the consciousness of being a dead weight are more wearing than one realizes at the time, and usually require a year or so to recover from them. Taken in one stretch, the twenty-one months of my captivity were too many by quite half, but I have often thought since how satisfactory it would have been had I been able to bank them and draw two or three weeks whenever I wanted a respite from ordinary existence.

H. K.

Let this page remind you that our men in enemy hands depend on their weekly parcels from the Red Cross for nearly all that makes life worth living. The Red Cross depends on your subscriptions. Do something for prisoners of war by starting a new

### PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

to help the Red Cross and St. John



*Hawth*

*"Ten on guard, two sanitary, two N.A.A.F.I., four leave, two sick, one hospital, one escort ; otherwise present, Sir."*





*"I'm convinced that artists see more than we ordinary people do."*

## In Lightest Africa

**I**T was my first voyage and, like Fred Astaire, I had never thought there was so much sea. Except for the small places occupied by the rest of the convoy it spread everywhere. After a life of eighteen years spent solely on land I had almost forgotten the appearance of the stuff by the time we reached that African port.

As we approached, Robert and I agreed that it was a beautiful place. He then said casually that he had relatives living there, and the next day he made such representations as enabled us to visit them. He'll ask anything, Robert will.

The residential part of the place was separated from the harbour by about two miles, and it wasn't half so plentiful. I saw no birds of paradise flashing about, but the golf-links, the trees and shrubs, and the walls and roofs of the houses were easily up to film technicolor standard.

We were welcomed. They brought

out all kinds of sweetmeats and fruit, and there was a cake that would have taken the whole of anybody's points in England. About 10.30 P.M. we had to leave as we were due back at the ship by midnight. Robert's uncle wanted to return us by car, but we resisted. We had lounged about and stuffed ourselves all day and preferred to walk. There was a brilliant moon, the road was straight, and we could scarcely miss our way.

We swung along at an easy pace. I don't want to go lyrical, but it really was a night above par. The stars were bigger than those in England, but they seemed dull as scattered washing-soda owing to the outgush from the moon.

Presently Robert got a stone in his shoe. He sat down to remove the shoe. I waited, looking casually over the side of the road and thinking that I had never seen such a night. I was just wondering what the reaction of the folks at home would have been could

they have seen it, when Robert did a remarkable thing. With a sort of muffled shout he rose rapidly and commenced running hard down the road.

The thought that first struck me was that his pace was odd: first a harsh footfall and then a silent, as the unshod foot hit the road. Next I thought that perhaps he had been bitten by a giant ant, because ants must be giant in Africa. Then something caused me to turn, and my nerves started telegraphing to my brain, as I was not very far from a lion. Its tail was flicking and its eyes were like two balls of green fire.

I have thought since that first impressions are sometimes truest. Up to the age of eleven or thereabouts I imagined that one had only to set foot in Africa to encounter a wild beast. I had thought of the place as a jungle-covered area, infested with lions, gorillas and so forth, that were reached by wading through crocodiles. Then



I graduated to the tougher geography books and somehow swung too far the other way, getting the impression that the nearest wild animals to Africa's civilized places had been chased hundreds of miles into the interior. I was as amazed to see a lion where I did as I should have been at home in Berkshire.

Naturally, these were only second thoughts. After the first shock I began to emulate Robert. It was only eighteen months since I had won the hundred yards at the school meeting, but I ran much faster during my African debut. At each step I remember alighting perfectly on the ball of the foot and braced toes and immediately bounding forward at an extraordinary rate. None the less I tried to improve even on this pace, because I did not know how it compared with a lion's.

Soon I overtook Robert, who, of course, was handicapped by the loss of a shoe. All the same, seeing me pass him, he managed to pull out something extra and drew abreast again, perhaps because of what is called man's tendency to gregariousness.

In that manner we hurtled forward until we sighted a building. Opening the first door we saw, we entered, both of us turning to close the door rather firmly behind us.

The place happened to be a seaman's mission. The padre received us.

"Whatever is wrong?" he inquired.

Neither of us could speak for a moment. My lungs were emptying and refilling like a frog's. Robert was speechless on the floor gazing at an entirely sockless foot.

"Lion after us, Sir," I contrived to say eventually.

"Where did you see it?" asked the padre, calmly enough.

I gaspingly told him.

"It would be Father William," he said. He appeared to be what is called a punctilious man. His eyes were on the opposite wall and he seemed to be fixing some exact piece of evidence and then labelling it. "Yes, it would be Father William. He is the only one they let roam so far from the reservation. He is very old now. And very tame."

"Tame!" I uttered.

"Certainly," replied the padre. "They wouldn't let him amble about like that if he wasn't, dear boy. He is as tame as the rabbits you keep in hutches at home."

Whereupon, Robert rose from his seat on the floor.

"Thank you, Sir," he said, as calm as you please. I had been doing the talking. He now had fully recovered his breath. "It is obvious. I should



"Secret Agent 409, please—Secret Agent 409, please . . ."

have known. Uncle would not have permitted us to set out alone had there been the slightest danger."

Full of what they call aplomb, Robert is.

### The Rumour

TO the birds the rumour came:  
Man is being lost in flame  
And his towns are being thrown  
Down by thunder of his own.  
In a hayfield newly mown

Thus they talked who looked for food  
Where the earth was fresh and good:

"Will he live or will he die?"  
And an old rook walking by,  
Who for years knew earth and sky

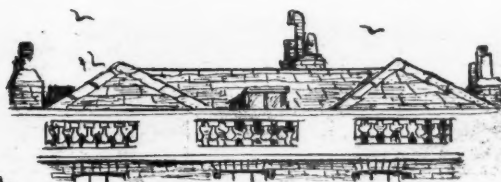
And thought for long on what he knew,  
Said "He will not pass away  
Ever. Do not think it, you,  
For Man is he who cuts the hay."  
ANON.



*Brockbank*

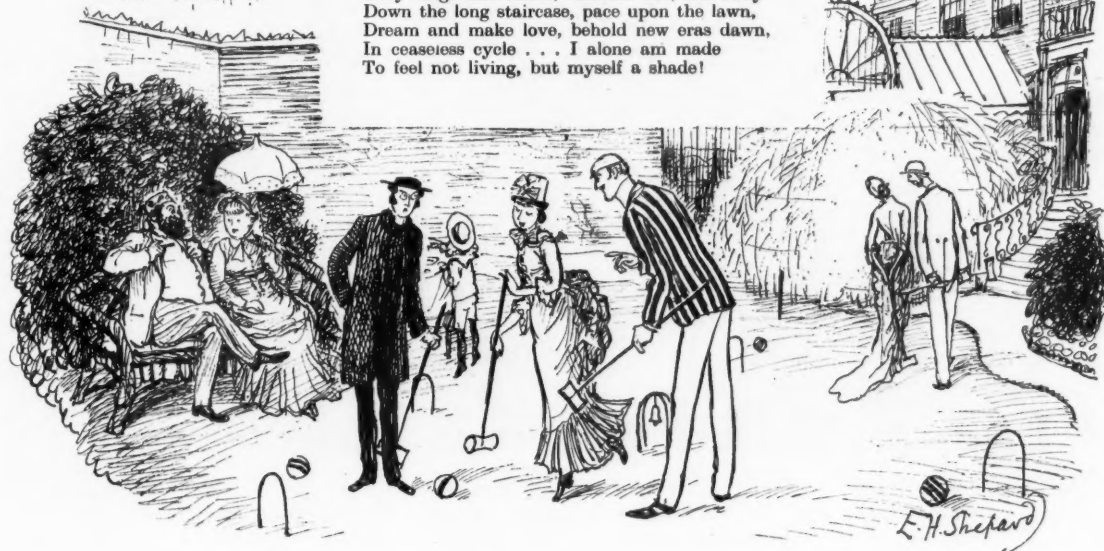
*"A last-minute message from the Wing-Commander."*

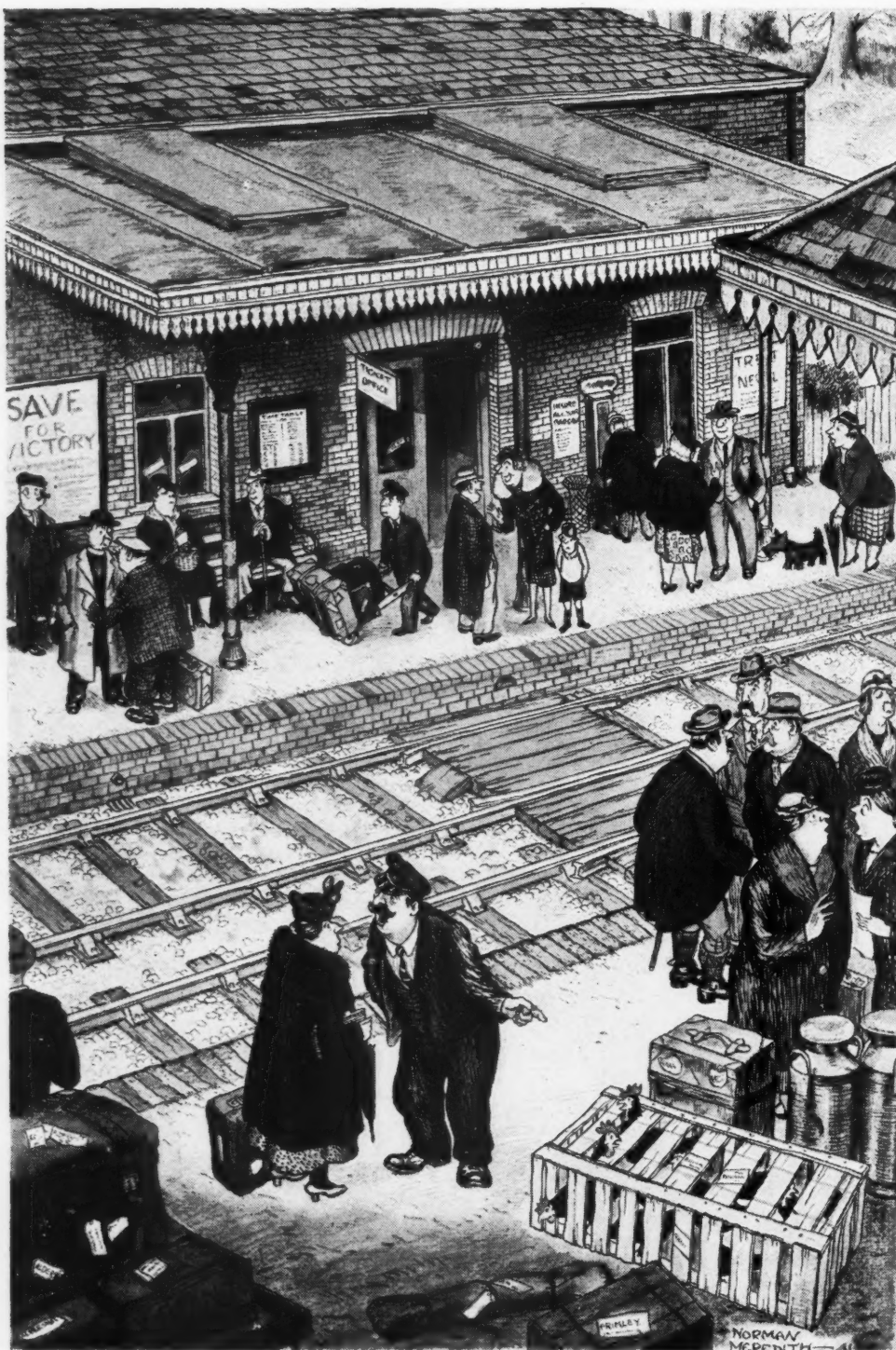




### The Old House

HERE's where my family have lived and died,  
 Laughed intimately, quarrelled, sung and cried,  
 Welcomed new babies, mourned, and entertained,  
 Played hide-and-seek or halma when it rained;  
 And when the sun shone the high garden walls  
 Re-echoed to the smack of croquet-balls.  
 Along those passages the children's feet  
 Of many generations ran to meet  
 Who knows what high adventure? Down the stair  
 Have rustled silken aunts and mothers, hair  
 Low-coiled or ribbanded, or piled on brow,  
 Worn proudly with a grace forgotten now.  
 Here in this drawing-room the floor is sprung  
 For dancing; how these kindly walls have rung  
 To laughter and to music, grave and gay!  
 Here sat young men, stiff-collared, come to pay  
 Their calls on Sunday afternoon, and walk  
 Sedately in the garden, even talk  
 To well-watch'd pretty daughters quite alone,  
 On subjects scarce approved by Chaperone,  
 And here's the room where poets would recite,  
 And men discuss the Art Pre-Raphaelite;  
 Sculptors and painters, authors, famous now,  
 Came to this house when young to make their bow  
 To sympathetic hosts, and left behind  
 (In gratitude) a book, or picture (signed).  
 Wide-travelled uncles purchased in Cathay  
 This chest and idol, china cup and tray.  
 Up the broad stair the family portraits climb,  
 Ranging from yesteryear to olden time  
 Where hangs the charming Duke, whose roguish eye  
 Disquieting, scans the female passers-by.  
 O vibrant house, in years and wisdom old,  
 But young with stored vitality, you hold  
 My family entire within your walls!  
 All, all are here; in passages and halls,  
 In graceful drawing-rooms and bedrooms gay  
 They laugh and rustle, run and call, and sway  
 Down the long staircase, pace upon the lawn,  
 Dream and make love, behold new eras dawn,  
 In ceaseless cycle . . . I alone am made  
 To feel not living, but myself a shade!





*"I dunno wot platform, Missus—but if yer keep yer eyes on them there 'ens, they be goin' by that train too."*



*"I've splendid news about your manuscript, Mr. Wake: it just enabled us to win the inter-office paper-salvage contest."*







*"No standing on top, please."*



"SURELY you know the one I mean—it was a figure of a young girl posed like this, and it used to stand about here."

## Experiences of a Junior Officer

### The Perfect Batman

MANY people may wonder why when I posted myself to a regiment I usually posted myself as a second-lieutenant. There were several reasons—it saved trouble and expense, it involved fewer awkward questions (and to one in my position all questions are awkward), and should it be necessary (as invariably happened) to make a quick getaway, the pursuit was not pressed so hard as it would have been in the case of an absconding colonel or brigade major.

There was one serious disadvantage, however—I usually had to share a batman with as many as eight or nine other subalterns. This meant that I had to offer large bribes even to get my shoes cleaned, while to get my bed made was virtually impossible. So one day I decided to make a change, and reported to the 48th Huntingdonshire Bombardiers as a captain. I decided, after much thought, against being a major, because I should have to associate with other majors. Also I should have had to play bridge.

To my delight I was allotted a batman all of my own. He introduced himself as soon as I arrived. In fact he was waiting at the station, and as I staggered up to the Mess with my suit-cases he was at hand to make light conversation and to point out that he had not been used to this sort of thing. I began to have misgivings.

My batman's name, he told me, was Hoskins—"Hoskins by name, and Hoskins by nature," to use his own words. He was tall and cadaverous, with lank black hair. His Adam's apple moved up and down when he talked. A pale blue tie passed through a ring showed above his battle-dress collar and lent him a certain air of distinction. He generally wore a grey trilby hat, brown boots with purplish-coloured gaiters, and a large green cameo ring.

I think that dismal realization that I had made another mistake came early next morning. Hoskins called me punctually at 5.30. I wondered why he found it necessary to explain that he had been to a party the previous evening and so had not bothered to go to bed. He drew back my curtains, swiftly drank up my morning cup of tea, and was gone. Nothing else happened until 11.30, when I woke up with a start to find Hoskins sitting on my bed reading *Wuthering Heights*.

"I find this novel very educational, Sir," he said. "The character-drawing in particular."

I lost my temper. But as I opened my mouth he came up and began to make my bed *with me in it*. I just got away in time.

I learned to know Hoskins in the days that followed. I could forgive his habit of putting sugar and even milk in my shaving-water. I could forgive his cleaning my Sam Browne with ink. What I could not forgive was his interest in the English novel.

I mentioned this peculiarity to Major Waspthwaite, the Second in Command.

"Hoskins?" he said—"oh yes, that's the man with a soul."

He caught my eye and a wave of nausea came over both of us.

One morning Hoskins failed to call me. I went to look for him and found him in bed.

"What time is it, Sir?" he asked.

"Eight-thirty."

"Oh, thank you, Sir. I see you've brought my shaving-water."

To my annoyance I saw that I was indeed carrying my own mug of shaving-water with me. He took it from me, got up and started shaving. For the rest of that day he talked about Fielding incessantly.

So it began. Next morning he stayed in bed again. As though bewitched, I found myself taking the man a cup of tea. After he had got up I began mechanically to clean his buttons. I stopped myself angrily and threw the metal-polish on the floor. Hoskins made a clicking noise with his tongue.

By the end of a week my subjugation was complete. I was too busy looking after Hoskins to spare any time for my regimental duties. The C.O. sent for me. I explained. He sent for Hoskins. Hoskins was still in bed. We both went to see him. Hoskins was reading *Silas Marner*. He indicated that he would prefer to see the C.O. alone. I waited outside, biting my heels with vexation. After about an hour the C.O. came out.

"You'd better get Hoskins' trousers pressed," he said angrily. "He's explained everything. It appears that he's really the son of an earl. He was stolen by gipsies in childhood, enlisted in the Navy and joined a circus. Hence his presence here."

As I set to work on Hoskins' trousers I repented bitterly of my folly. Still, I had always an answer to this sort of thing. Next day I had myself reduced to second-lieutenant. But I soon found that I was worse off than ever. The other batmen had by this time adopted Hoskins' methods, and some had half a dozen subalterns to wait on them hand and foot. After a brief struggle with fate I gave it up and posted myself as a staff-sergeant instructor to the Army School of Drapery.



## The Invalid



FOR the past week the atmosphere of the staff-room has been much more cordial. One may now attempt a joke or quote a tag without fear of ridicule. A new camaraderie has sprung up. This is not entirely due to the passing of the vernal equinox but, in a measure, to Pringle-Watt's influenza. No one, I think, would question Pringle-Watt's professional efficiency. His "first" at Oxford and his ruthless discipline give him a certain pre-eminence at St. Morbid's. It is the man's unrelenting cynicism, his overbearing preciseness and his tendency to borrow cigarettes which account for the coolness of his colleagues.

It was partly from motives of natural sympathy and partly from a desire to estimate the probable duration of our new era of goodwill that I decided to visit Pringle-Watt on Wednesday afternoon. I found him much worse than I had expected. The hypercritical sneer had gone and his voice was low and wheedling—rather like that of an invalid. He told me between raucous coughs that he thought he was finished. I was much affected and cancelled my intention to tell him of the extra work which his absence had caused me; of the many free periods I had lost.

After a painful silence, punctuated by gusty sighs, Mrs. Pringle-Watt appeared with a tray bearing a generous helping of cold pudding. Pringle-Watt waved it aside, nauseated. When pressed, however, he consented to try a spoonful, and my fears for his ultimate recovery diminished rapidly as each successive mouthful gave him renewed strength.

I was able to perform several little tasks for him as he lay there so helpless. At his request I wrote letters of apology to the Collector of Taxes, to James McNairn, Wines and Spirits

Merchant, and to his golf club. He rallied sufficiently to play a game or two at chess.

My visit was almost at an end when his voice quite suddenly became hollow and rather terrifying.

"Will you do me one more favour, old chap?" he said.

I nodded.

"Do you mind slipping down to Simpkins's for me for my cigarettes? I can't smoke them, of course, but you know how it is—if you are not regular they cut you out. I would ask the missus to go for me but they don't serve women since they started using pipe-cleaners for hair-curlers."

I said that I would collect them and keep them at school until his return.

"No, no," he said, "bring them back, there's a good fellow. I have a lot of callers and I like to offer them a smoke."

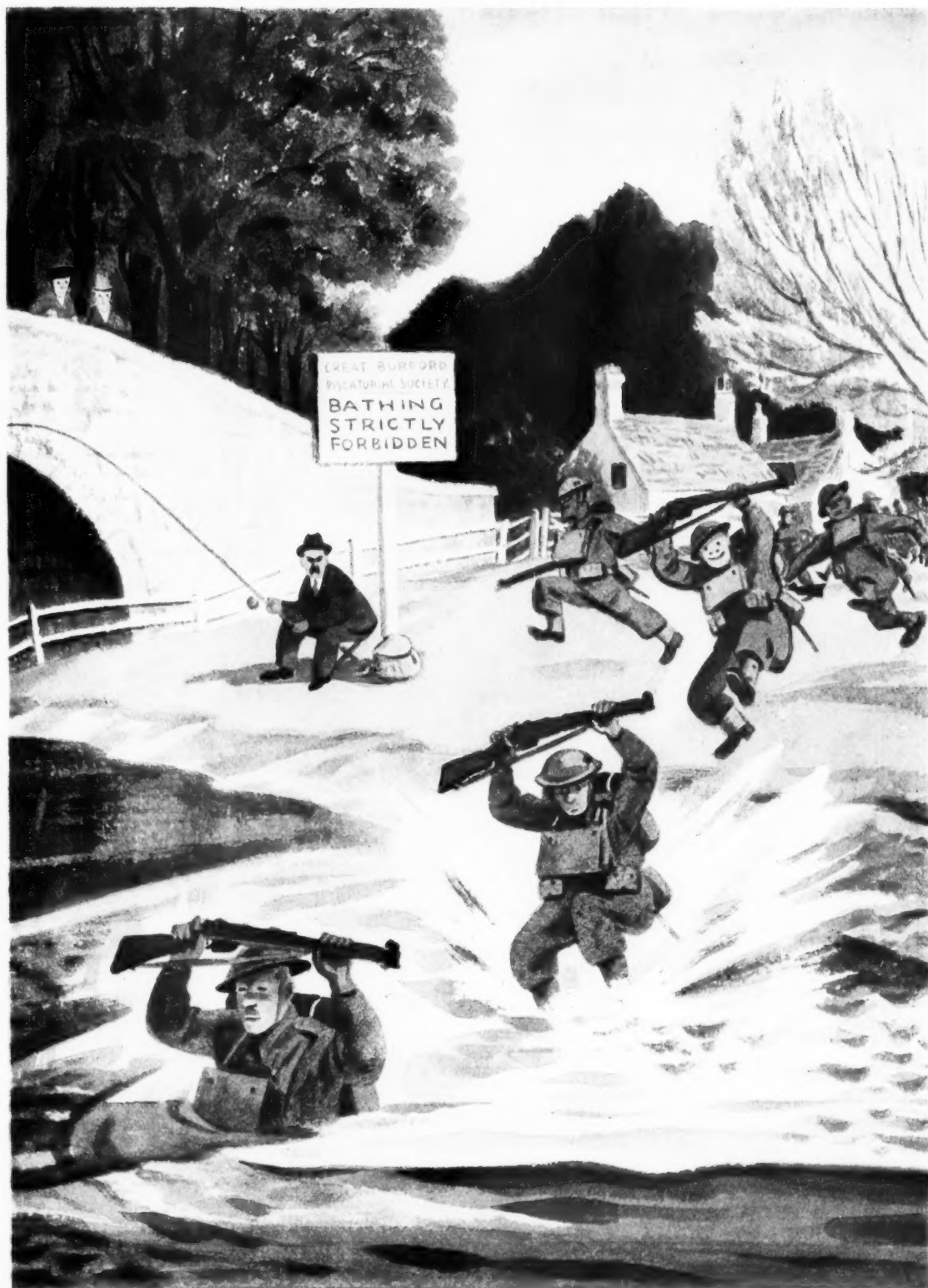
I was at the door when he added: "By the way, you don't smoke yourself, do you? No harm in asking for a packet for yourself, though, is there? I would be grateful—very."

It is at least four miles down to the village and there are no buses on Wednesday afternoons. Mrs. Simpkins seemed unfamiliar with the name of Pringle-Watt, but after a lengthy and humiliating altercation I succeeded in my mission. By the time I had tramped back to "The Cedars" my sympathy for Pringle-Watt had been superseded by a bitter resentment of his arrogant assurance. He looked rather flushed and there was an unmistakable aroma of a scarce northern liquid in the room. He took the cigarettes and murmured something about a kind thought and a welcome gift.

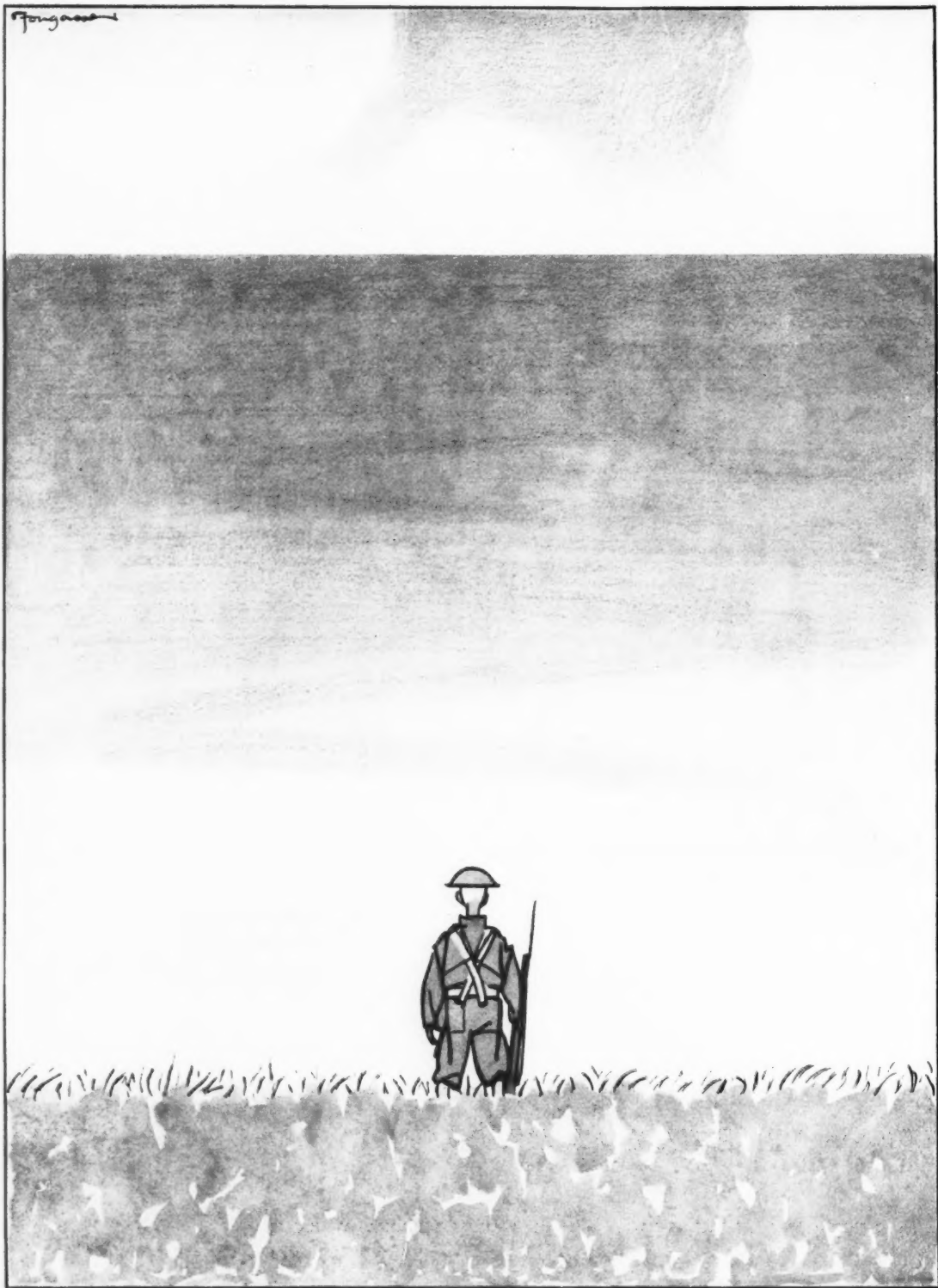
Next day I learned from Charteris, Bigott and Cartwright that they had been entrusted with similar missions on Pringle-Watt's behalf to Willis's, Ashcroft's and The Corner Stores.







Steele



*"... and, on the approach of unauthorized persons, to call on them to 'alt with the words . . ."*

## Stand By for Broadcast

OUR Station announcers, unlike those at the B.B.C., remain strictly anonymous. Nevertheless, microphone personalities are developing. Despite the prosaic nature of the daily routine broadcasts which issue forth from a battery of loud-speakers scattered about the camp, each announcer has his (or her) quota of fans.

And it can be said at once that Assistant Section Officer—shall we say Smithers? (yes, yes, we shall)—of the W.A.A.F. would easily come out on top in a popularity contest. For sheer vigour and forceful delivery no one approaches her. I doubt if she is a very approachable sort of woman.

I do not know what A.S.O. Smithers looks like, but I picture her (probably unfairly) as a tall, gaunt, capable woman, with rugged features and a loosely-knit frame. Others, more charitably-minded, see her as a tall, lean woman, with loosely-knit features and a rugged, gaunt frame. Again others—but it is unnecessary to go into these rather painful details.

There is an urgency, a kind of breath-taking quality about A.S.O. Smithers' voice that commands instant attention. Before the opening words of her announcements crash out from the loud-speakers you can hear her breathing stertorously into the microphone. It is as distinctive as any signature tune.

When, say, towards midnight the silence which has settled down on the camp is suddenly shattered by an urgent broadcast for 16890295 L.A.C. Snitch, R. G., to report to the Operations Room *immediately* (you ought to hear the feeling that A.S.O. Smithers puts into that word) those who have been asleep find themselves sitting up in bed, senses alert, nerves on edge. Conjecture becomes rife.

You find yourself wondering whether Snitch will get there in time. You discuss his chances with your neighbour. "If he isn't in bed," you say, "he might just do it if he cuts across the grass." But it is a big IF, and opinion is fairly evenly divided on the point.

Corporal Murk opines that Snitch will go the long way round and almost certainly trip up on the manhole cover outside the main guard-room. "He can't do it in less than three minutes," he announces emphatically, "and if he runs, his cap is bound to fall off and he will lose precious seconds looking for it in the dark. No," says Corporal Murk, "Snitch can't do it."

Somebody else suggests that Snitch may have gone out of the camp for the evening, in which event he would probably be due back any minute now. "Perhaps he was somewhere near the Ops. Room when the broadcast was given out."

This hypothesis puts an entirely new complexion on the affair, and discussion breaks out afresh. Thoughts of sleep are put aside and the arguments, often heated, continue far into the night.

We all know, of course, that what has happened is simply that Snitch has once again gone off with the key to the Ops. Room filing-cabinet (where the tea is kept). But A.S.O. Smithers is able, by the dramatic quality of her voice, to invest this apparently trivial occurrence with a sense of urgency which never fails to send a thrill down your spine.

A.S.O. Smithers might not last for five minutes as a B.B.C. News announcer, but here she is without question a star turn. To hear her announce that there will be a concert in the N.A.A.F.I. at 1930 hours on 17/4/42 and that friends and relatives of personnel will be admitted, is to enjoy an emotional experience vouchsafed to few.

At the opposite end of the scale

### CROMWELL SAID:

"WELL, your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency, as truly I think it will not; for we are Englishmen."

The danger is as great as when Cromwell spoke. But what of the men, the living wall that shields us? Night and day, on gale-swept shores, high above the clouds and on the seven seas, with danger ever present, they watch. It is little enough that we can do to ease the hardships borne for us with such gay courage. Little enough—but have we done that little? Have YOU done all you can? A contribution to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, means cheer for these gallant men.

comes Flying-Officer Duff-Geyn (another *nom de guerre*, I'm afraid). His microphone technique is not unlike that adopted by the gentlemen at the B.B.C. You feel that nothing, not even the presence of Goering himself in the Watch Office, could ruffle the calm even tones of F/O. Duff-Geyn.

Although his voice is as well known to the personnel on the Station as that of Mr. Bruce Belfrage, his announcements do not always command the attention which they sometimes merit. For this state of affairs F/O. Duff-Geyn has only himself to blame. His slightly bored accents, his lethargic mode of delivery do not always fall with sufficient force upon the ears to sink home properly.

Thus, when F/O. Duff-Geyn broadcasts the Enemy Aircraft Alarm (which means that hostile planes are in the immediate vicinity) most of us just stifle a yawn and carry on with whatever we are doing. "Good old Duff-Geyn!" is about the only comment one is likely to hear on such occasions.

Upon reflection, perhaps it is just as well that A.S.O. Smithers does *not* give the Enemy Aircraft Alarm broadcast. I feel that the consequences might be truly cataclysmic.

Conspicuous among the other regular announcers is a W.A.A.F. sergeant who speaks in a prim, concise manner as though she were addressing a number of very backward children at a kindergarten. "All per—thon—nel," she lisps, "not, repeat NOT, in po—theth—ion of ai—den—ti—ty cards are to report to Eth. H.Q. ath thoon ath poth—i—bil." You almost expect her to add, "And now, Euthtath, take your fin—ger out of your mouth and pay at—ten—thion to what Ai'm thay—ing."

There is a Flight-Sergeant in the Orderly Room who will have it that the word is *personnel*, with the accent on the second syllable. There is an individual who says, "Stand by for broadcast" and then forgets what it is he has to say. There is a person (sex unknown) whose announcements invariably consist of repeating the days of the week or, as an occasional variant, counting up to ten.

Is it to be wondered at that with such local talent available the stereotyped utterances of Mr. Alvar Liddell fall upon deaf ears? Incidentally, I hear that there are any number of privately-owned radio sets on the camp going dirt cheap. Any offers?





## Impasse

"HOW lovely your daffodils look, Miss Littlemug!"

"Perhaps so, dear. But there it is."

"There it is, Miss Littlemug?"

"You could hardly be expected to understand. But I can never see daffodils without remembering St. George's Hospital, of all places."

"Do they go in for daffodils? . . . But no, I feel it isn't anything as straightforward as that."

"How right you are, dear! I always think that writing books sharpens the wits in some extraordinary way of its own. Straightforward is exactly what the whole thing *wasn't*. And that makes it doubly painful for me, because if there's one thing I am by nature, it's straightforward, and open as the day. *More* so, I sometimes think."

"Then won't you tell me about St. George's Hospital and the daffodils?"

"Well, dear, it all happened more than two years ago, but there are some things one never forgets, as my dear great-uncle used to say about Majuba Hill. I was in London at the time. Indeed I may say that if I hadn't been it couldn't possibly have happened. There's all the difference in the world, as you know as well as I do, between St. George's Hospital and our own dear little Cottage Hospital at Greater-Fiddle-on-the-Green."

"I do hope you weren't actually obliged to be taken into St. George's Hospital, Miss Littlemug?"

"No, dear. You're thinking of Mrs. Carlyle. I always do myself."

"And the daffodils too?"

"The daffodils had no connection whatever with Mrs. Carlyle, or even Thomas Carlyle. Quite a different train of thought altogether."

"I see."

"If you don't mind my saying so, dear, I doubt whether you do. It's a story I never care to tell. And I must ask you *not* to write a book about it, on any account."

"Certainly not."

"Very well, then. The whole thing started with my dear elder sister. Not the one you've met, dear, with the pince-nez, but quite another one, who paints in water-colours. She asked me to meet her for tea at a small tea-shop not very far from Gower Street. It used to be called 'The Purple Kitten,' and then for some reason it became 'Rosy-Posy,' and now, or rather *at that date*, it was called 'The Mother o' Pearl Handle,' which most unfortunately I hadn't realized, so that I spent a good deal of time which I could ill afford looking for 'The Daniel Defoe Tea-Rooms.'"

"Why did you do that?"

"A mistake, dear, as I'm perfectly ready to acknowledge. I was thinking of a place at Stoke Newington that I used to know many years ago. That's neither here nor there—or rather, it was there and not here, if it was still anywhere. The point is that my sister Mollie and I met eventually, and had tea and what scones were left. And she *most* kindly gave me a small bunch of daffodils, bought on her way from a man who gave her no peace. We are, as a family, like that. Affectionate and ready to display our feelings. My dear mother always put it down to our having a great-great-aunt who eventually married into an Irish family. A drop of Celtic blood, she used to say. Naturally, I said nothing to Mollie about the daffodils in the garden here."

"Naturally."

"Then, dear, it turned out that what with my being late and one thing and another, we were going to be late for two different appointments. So Mollie, who was always, my

father used to say, the *practical* one, suggested that we should share a taxi to Hyde Park Corner."

"Where the appointments were?"

"Certainly not, dear. Who on earth would have an appointment at Hyde Park Corner? Hers was at Victoria and mine in Kensington, and Mollie, who has lived in London for many years, happened to be aware that each of us could catch a bus from there. *But*—and here, dear, I blame myself—I told the taxi-driver St. George's Hospital, because it sounded so much less vague. You see my point? I didn't want him to think that one wasn't perfectly definite about where one was going."

"Quite."

"And he *deliberately* put us down in front of the hospital steps."

"Well, I can see, in a way, why—"

"Certainly. But there we were, and Mollie—who has an eye like a hawk—saw her bus on the other side and simply *darted* across to it, and there I was, *with the daffodils*, paying the taxi."

"And you hadn't enough money?"

"Good heavens, dear, I had any amount! Figuratively speaking, hundreds and hundreds of pounds. But the taxi-man immediately said: 'Someone ill in there, that you're taking those nice flowers to?' And before I knew where I was, dear—or rather, knowing only too well that I was on the very steps of the hospital—I distinctly heard myself answering 'Yes.' It seemed to come out of its own accord."

"I see, Miss Littlemug."

"And what made it so much worse was that he was such a nice man, and said accidents were shocking things and he only hoped the patient would soon be better and the flowers would brighten up the ward a bit."

"Miss Littlemug, I do see that it was dreadful for you."

"It was indeed. I heard myself saying quite a number of the most extraordinary things, and in the end I *had* to walk up those steps. I went as slowly as I could, to give him time to drive off; but he *deliberately* looked back at me from Piccadilly."

"What did you do?"

"I had no choice, dear. I walked straight into the hall and gave the daffodils to the porter for the children's ward."

"Well, that was very nice."

"Yes, dear—until Mollie came to tea next day at my room in Bloomsbury and said she *had* hoped the daffodils would look pretty on the table."

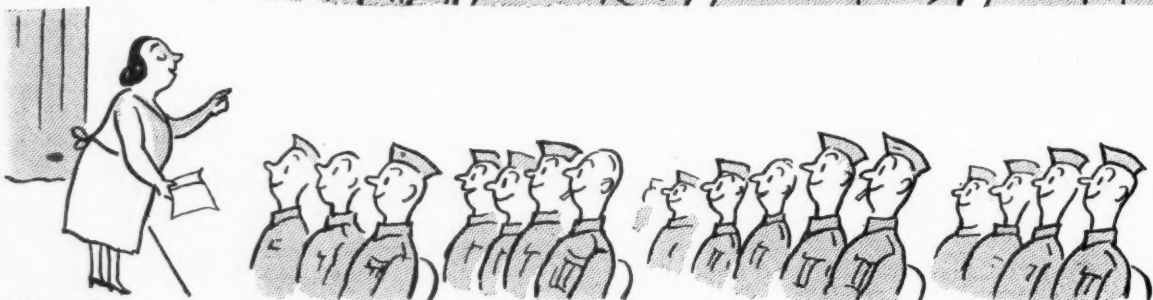
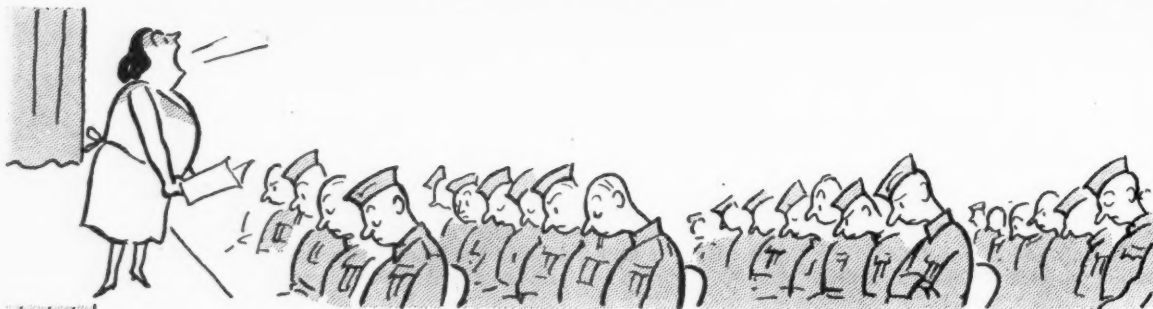
E. M. D.

## No Spik English

ONCE met a man on the train  
Whose wife had a face but no brain.  
He said "I am glad  
She is pretty, but gad,  
I wish she could make herself plain."

"Man for boiling down; must have had experience with steam."  
*Advt. in N.Z. Paper.*

All the same it may feel a little strange.

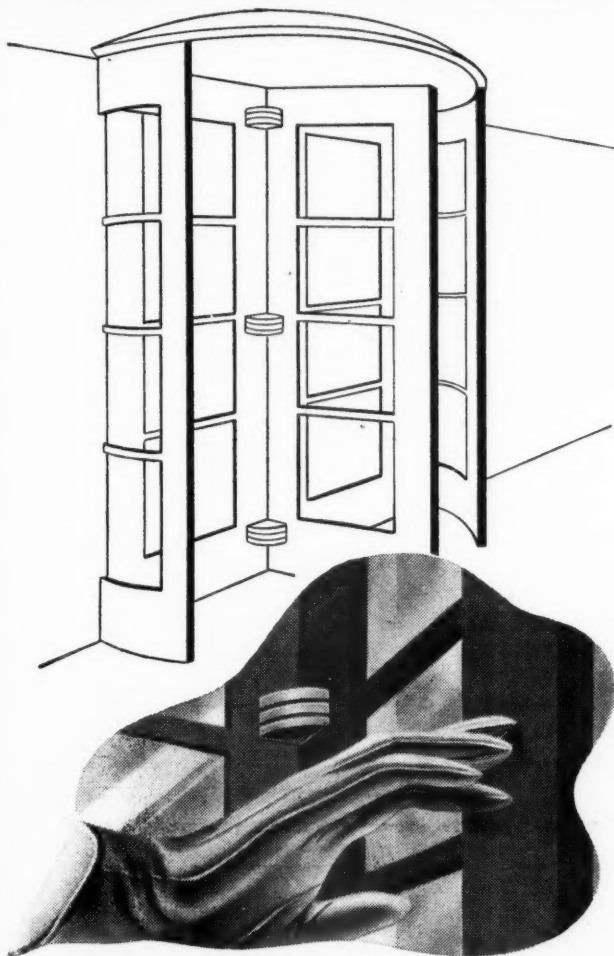


SIGGS

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## ACHIEVEMENTS OF ALUMINIUM RESEARCH



## PEACEFUL PENETRATION

REVOLVING DOORS can be obstinate. We have all met them. Instead of saying "Come In," as friendly doors should, they are adamant in their injunction to "Keep Out." But no one encounters resistance from aluminium doors. Doors made from this lightweight, high-strength metal never swell, buckle, warp or sag. They cause less wear on moving parts and are easy to open.

The technical knowledge which made such doors practicable was gained from research which, now applied to war-time needs, still continues.

Government contractors using aluminium are invited to discuss their problems with our Research and Development Department.



NORTHERN ALUMINIUM COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office - BANBURY OXFORDSHIRE



*The dirt track was  
his joy, but Guy  
Says now he 'tracks  
dirt' in the sky*

*He fairly takes the biscuit!*

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

There are times—many times—when the RAF ask just for a hot drink and a few biscuits. Which means that the RAF need a lot of biscuits.

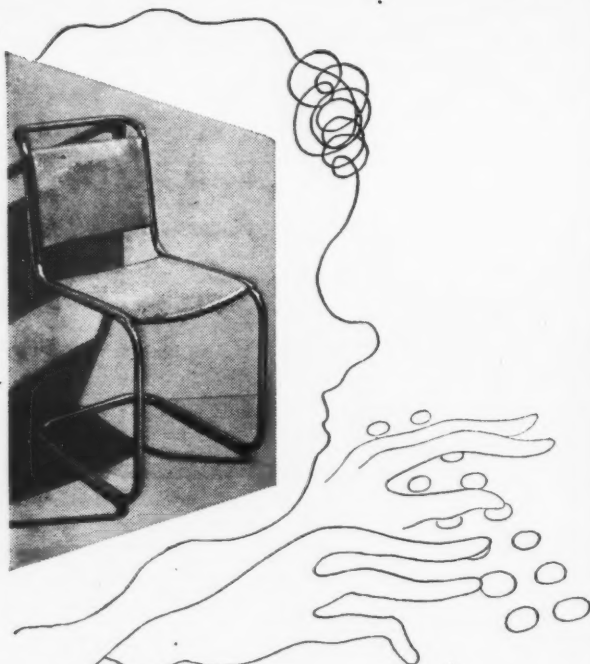
The four Weston factories are playing a large part in the effort to satisfy the needs of all the Services and of the general public, but in certain districts deliveries are suspended by Government order so as to save transport.

Should you be unable to buy Weston Biscuits you may at least look forward to the time when you can again choose them—for quality and economy.

# WESTON

## Biscuits

MADE BY THE LARGEST BISCUIT MAKERS IN THE EMPIRE



**chairs of steel  
for wartime zeal**



TUBULAR STEEL CHAIRS

PEL LTD • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM



**The FLYING WAGGONS**

**FIFTEEN** miles was the greatest distance that waggoners could achieve in a day's haul until about the year 1770—and even less in winter, when road conditions were at their worst.

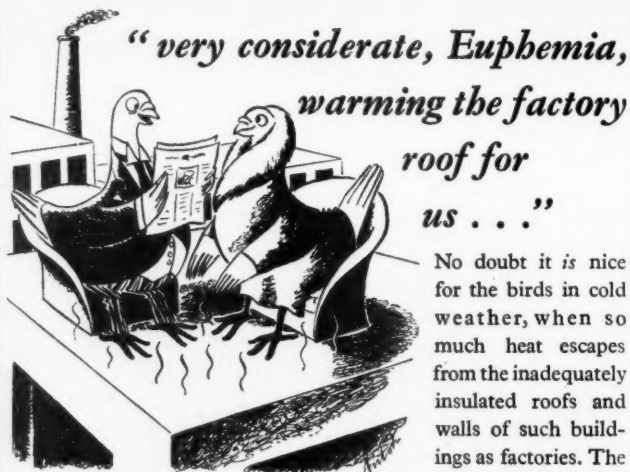
Then came the new introduction of Express Flying Waggon. Lighter, faster vehicles, pulled by a team of horses, they developed a considerable traffic in smaller goods and foodstuffs. Flying Waggon services 'flew' regularly to Manchester, Birmingham and other principal

cities, covering 40 miles and more in a day, if the route was not hilly. A road-bill, dated 1774 advertises "The Rumsey Machine, through Winchester, hung on steel springs, begins flying April 3rd, from London to Poole (105 miles) in a day."

Thus were the beginnings of the great expansion of road transport, keeping pace with our industrial growth and export trade. To-day modern vehicles maintain direct service, second to none, in speed and dependability.

**Buy 3% SAVINGS BONDS**

TRANSPORT SERVICES LTD., Ibex House, Minories, London, E.C.3



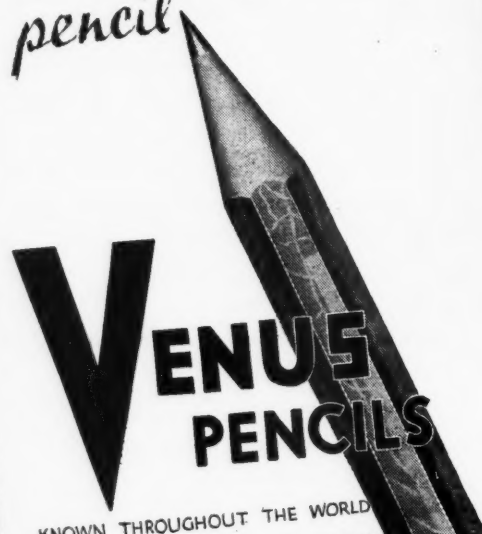
No doubt it is nice for the birds in cold weather, when so much heat escapes from the inadequately insulated roofs and walls of such buildings as factories. The heat would, however,

be much more useful if retained in the factory. A well-warmed worker is a better worker. And when less heat escapes, less fuel is needed. Proper insulation in war purpose buildings is a matter of vital public importance. Many factories, canteens, hospitals, etc. are now insulated with Celotex board, which has an insulating capacity equal to twelve times its thickness in brick. Let us give you some of the facts and figures... Celotex hope that, in time to come, supplies will again be available for domestic purposes—bringing to your own home the same benefits of better temperature and lower heating bills.

**CELOTEX**

CELOTEX LIMITED • N. CIRCULAR ROAD  
STONEBRIDGE PARK • LONDON • N.W.10

*Still the world's  
leading quality  
pencil*



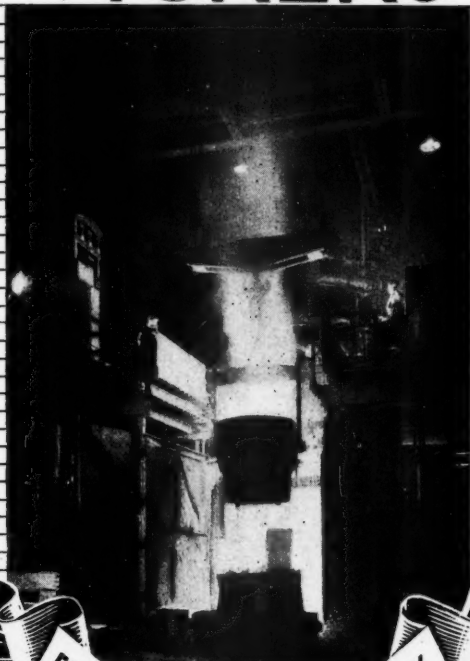
KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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FOR THE PROTECTION OF INDUSTRY

## RUSTLESS & HEAT RESISTING STEELS

Owing to the large demand we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which these steels can be supplied.

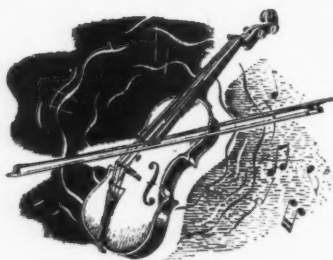
FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD

SHEFFIELD



WHEREVER MAN DOES MAN'S  
WORK, WHEREVER MIGHTY MACHINES  
FURTHER THE COURSE OF WAR  
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FOUND AT SOME VITAL POINT

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For over 40 years we, of The Tempered Spring Co. Ltd., have contributed a vast experience to the production of many types of springs for different products and industries.



**THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD.**

ATTERCLIFFE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, 4

*Change the Heat  
with the changing seasons*



## FERRANTI Radiant Electric FIRE

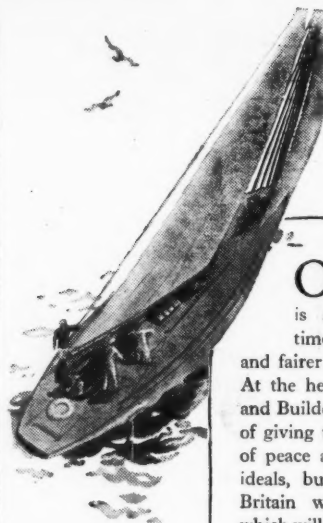
**E**LECTRIC fires are, of course, designed primarily for winter use, but they are ideal for occasional warmth in spring and summer—particularly in the cool of the evening. The two-bar Ferranti Fires are designed to provide a choice of "heats" by switching on one or both "elements." But you can vary the heat of a single-bar fire by having

a "spare" element of lower capacity. If your FERRANTI Fire is not giving maximum efficiency, or if you have an old fire which has been discarded, you will probably find that some minor replacement will bring it into active service again. Our expert advice is always available to users of FERRANTI Fires.

**FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST**

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V.F.22



*"Fair-weather  
sailing"*

**O**UR illustration, a reminder of the pleasant days that were, is also indicative of the sunnier times in store, when we set a new and fairer course to a finer, better Britain. At the helm are the Architect, Engineer and Builder, for theirs is the responsibility of giving the nation not only such edifices of peace as will truly reflect our national ideals, but also of reconstructing a new Britain with offices, works and homes which will the more securely hold that which is our social structure. And RUBEROID, which has proved such an effective solution to the urgent problems of to-day, will be ready and proud to play its allotted part in the building of the great to-morrow.

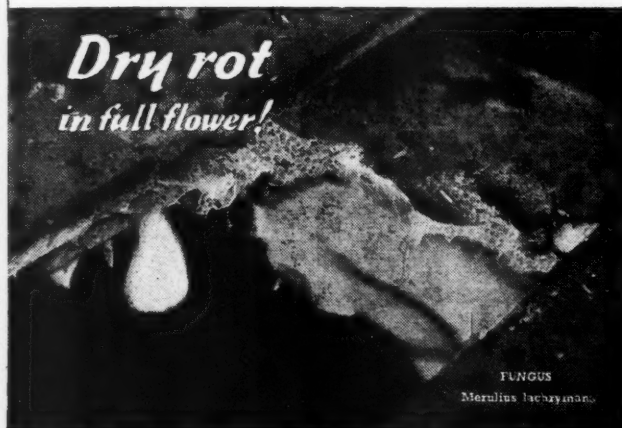
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*Roofing*

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LONDON, W.C.1.

S O L I G N U M

*Dry rot  
in full flower!*



FUNGUS  
*Merulius lacrymans*

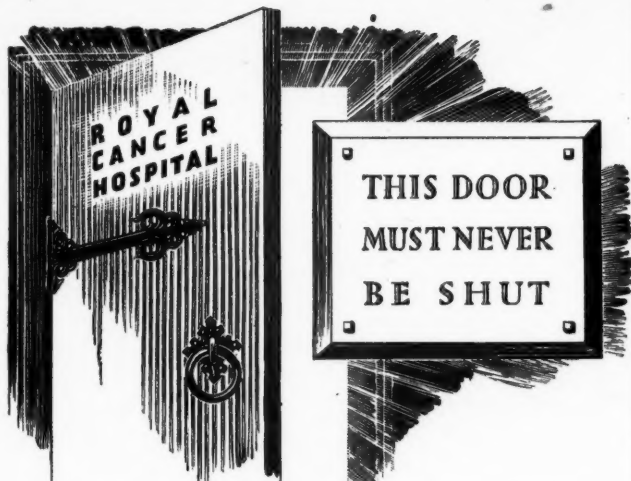
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White Ant Destroyer

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Behind this door is hope! . . . hope for thousands of Cancer sufferers . . . hope that one day the terrible toll of 70,000 deaths annually may eventually be lowered. This door must never be shut. Somehow money must be found to keep going our work of treatment and research. Only by *your* help can this be done. Please send your contribution *soon*. There is no cause more worthy.

## The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

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The answer to  
the cycle storage  
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FOR  
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CONSTRUCTORS LTD.

ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM **CYCLE PARKS**

*Gets Gibbs*

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Next time you need a Shaving Stick—just try Gibbs. You will notice that Gibbs *does* give a smoother shave; and leaves your face comfortable. The packs may change, but the high standard of quality of the goods will be maintained.

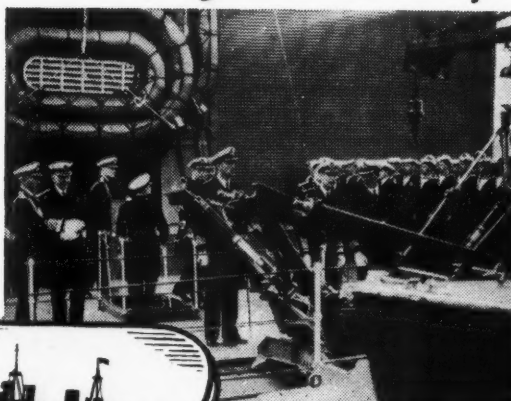
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including Purchase Tax



GS 760

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*You can't buy a battleship..*



You can't buy a battleship, and Steel

Rolling Shutters of the pre-war type seen in the above photograph may be difficult to obtain to-day, but when Peace is restored remember that Rolling Steel Shutters supplied by Mather and Platt Ltd. are of the same high quality as that seen in the background of the above photograph, taken on board a British battleship during the 1938 Naval Review.

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of the  
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*Richard Lewellyn's*  
**HOW GREEN  
WAS MY  
VALLEY** (A)

*with*  
**Walter PIDGEON · Maureen O'HARA  
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*Read the Book  
See the Picture!*

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*All the best babies have them*  
**L.B. LTD. London**

# Sparklets

Vital National needs have first call, hence Sparklets Syphons and Bulbs are somewhat scarce these days, although supplies are being regularly and equitably distributed. You may have to make more frequent calls on your supplier and buy in smaller quantities than your usual two or three dozen Sparklets Bulbs at a time, but the little extra trouble is well worth while.

The advantages of Sparklets are very evident and, of course, the quality of the soda is as good as ever.

P.S. Please remember our renovation and repair service—it still functions.

P.P.S. Be as helpful as you can by returning all empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier—allowance "C" size 4d. dozen, "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS Ltd. (Dept. P), LONDON, N.18



# Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

## REFILLABLE SYPHON

## NEW TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM. URIC ACID DISSOLVED.

*From Dr. Quignon.*

With the first twinge of rheumatism, lumbago, or muscular stiffness, it is essential that you take immediate steps to restore the alkalinity of the blood which corrects the cause of these distressing ailments.

Unquestionably the best way of doing this is by drinking alkaline water such as is found at the world-famous Springs of Vichy, Carlsbad, Chatel Guyon and Marienbad. You can now do this in your own home at little cost. The important medicinal properties of the famous curative spas can be reproduced by dissolving a teaspoonful of 'Alkia Saltrates' in a tumblerful of warm water. 'Alkia Saltrates' is a finely powdered concentrate of the active elements from seven famous Springs; it makes a pleasant drink which quickly neutralises and washes out the impurities and harmful acids through the kidneys, liver and intestinal tract. With the removal of the cause of rheumatism and allied uric-acid disorders, these painful complaints are quickly and definitely overcome.

*Note: A bottle of 'Alkia Saltrates' sufficient for a course of Spa treatment at home can be obtained for 3/9 (including Purchase Tax) from any chemist.*

*I say—  
"Wartime dishes" need  
Yorkshire  
Relish*



*Coming Sir!  
THIN or THICK Sir?*

NEW CONTROLLED PRICES:—  
THIN . . . . 10½d. and 1/6d.  
THICK . . . . 7d. and 10½d.

Supplies limited—use sparingly  
Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds





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..... not met Votrix? Then of course you wouldn't know. Yes, Votrix is and always has been an Imperial product produced and bottled here in Britain. And like every other Vermouth it has its own native palate. Better be introduced now. Notice the distinct character? That's the Imperial touch: white wine grown in southern vineyards and infused with carefully chosen herbs and spices to the producer's own recipe. This blending is the critical part of the affair . . . and with Votrix it has been done with the individual skill of a true artist.



### VOTRIX VERMOUTH

*is produced at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.*

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SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG.  
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It is only human to want the more the fewer there are . . . McVitie & Price Biscuits are no exception.

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McVITIE & PRICE LIMITED



Enjoy the full fragrance, aroma and taste of the fine imported Cigar Leaf in CIGARLETS . . . Cigars in miniature in a cigarette paper wrapping.

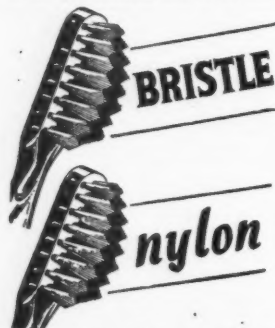
20 for 2/.

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"CIGAR"

FROM ALL GOOD TOBACCONISTS AND N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

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## HALEX

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make the best of  
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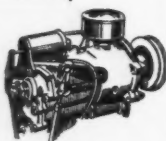
"Good-bye, M<sup>r</sup> Clutch!"



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FOR BETTER SHAVES

SMALL PACKET 1/- LARGE PACKET 2/-  
Plus Purchase Tax. Ask for them at N.A.A.F.I.



## Vision...

Not everyone knows that the original "Ark Royal," flagship of the Lord High Admiral in our Spanish Armada victory, was but another sidelight on Raleigh's faith and vision, for Sir Walter himself provided it. Never did this mighty son of Devon miss an opportunity...

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Distribution of Raleigh Cycles is at present limited but in due time these famous cycles will once again be available for all. They are well worth waiting for.

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## THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE



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# Don't neglect your hair!

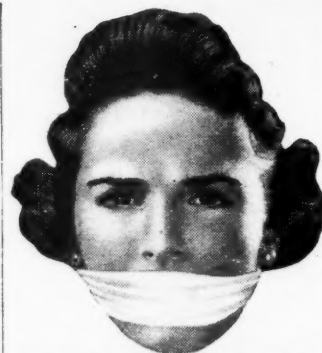
With so much less Brylcreem to use these days the care of your hair is all the more important. Guard against a tight scalp — so frequently the cause of scurf, falling hair and baldness. Every night and morning finger-tip massage your scalp for half-a-minute to keep it loose on your skull. A massage twice daily, together with a very few drops of Brylcreem every few days, will help to keep your hair healthy and good looking.

# BRYLCREEM

—SO MUCH MORE THAN A 'HAIR OIL'

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### 4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

SORE GUMS  
TENDER GUMS  
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BLEEDING GUMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether. Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Thousands of them recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice containing Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. See your dentist, and start using Forhans today! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.



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ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD

## EPHEDROL

RELIEVES CATARRH,  
COLDS & HAY FEVER  
A "sniff" at bedtime  
clears the nasal passages  
Chemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including  
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## TAKE CARE OF YOUR TYRES

**T**HOUSANDS of tyres are ruined every week by not being properly maintained or by being run too long. This is contrary to the National interest. To maintain tyres in good condition:—

- (1) TEST TYRE PRESSURES WEEKLY.
- (2) AVOID OVERLOADING OR UNDER-INFLATION.
- (3) REMOVE FLINTS AND STONES FROM TREADS.
- (4) AVOID DAMAGE TO CASINGS BY KERBING AND CARELESS DRIVING.
- (5) MAINTAIN MECHANICAL EFFICIENCY, PARTICULARLY TRUE WHEEL ALIGNMENT.

Smooth but sound tyres can then be given new life.

**X NOW MORE VITAL THAN EVER X**

Do not run your tyres to destruction

### TYRESOLES

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Issued by Tyresoles Ltd., Wembley.

## KEEP YOUR FEET RIGHT

AND HEAL ALL YOUR SKIN TROUBLES QUICKLY

HOMOCEA is the perfect OINTMENT prepared from those carefully selected ingredients which were prescribed by the CONSULTING CHEMISTS of our Great Grandfathers time and fully endorsed by those of to-day.

HOMOCEA quickly penetrates and softens the skin. It heals little WOUNDS and SORES and assists more serious SKIN AFFECTIONS. MANY THOUSANDS of people all over the WORLD use HOMOCEA every day of their lives and gain immense comfort from the protection it gives them.

The man who shaves every morning and has a TENDER SKIN rubs a little HOMOCEA on his face the night before. And what a colossal amount of discomfort he saves himself.

The ATHLETE The GOLFER The CYCLIST The men (And women too) who have to walk to the Station every morning. The SOLDIER The MUNITION WORKER The POSTMAN The POLICEMAN. The WOMAN WHO HOLES HER STOCKINGS AT THE HEEL because of a bit of hard skin.

ALL THESE AND MANY MORE need HOMOCEA and they can try it and test it without any risk. See the guarantee on every package.

Buy a tin from your Chemist or Store. Use it for any SKIN TROUBLE you have, and, if you are not satisfied, return the carton to the makers and the full amount of your money will be refunded without question or quibble.

**Homocea**  
TOUCHES THE SPOT

THE HOMOCEA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 46, ELSWICK ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

Healthy dogs  
make good companions



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
CONDITION POWDERS  
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1 1/2d.  
From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

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HERB SPECIALISTS



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War  
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and help them. You can imagine what perils the War is adding to the already hazardous task of our Life-boatmen.

As the War at sea intensifies so does the Institution's call for your aid become more urgent.

We know you will not fail us.

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LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION  
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE  
Boreham Wood, Herts.**

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,  
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITHE, O.B.E., Secretary.

This fine British Cigar, introduced many years ago, is more popular than ever to-day.

**CARASADA  
INTERMEZZOS**

Elegant shape,  
5 1/2 inches long,  
as illustrated.

Delicate aroma and  
charming flavour.  
Prices on application.  
Boxes of 25 and  
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37 & 38, Royal Exchange,  
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**FROG**  
MODEL AEROPLANES



**L.B. LTD. London**



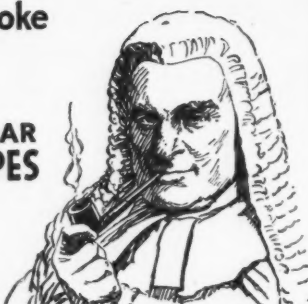
All shrewd Judges smoke

**Orlik** BRIAR  
PIPES

Find the shape and style of an Orlik pipe that suits your fancy—and you can be sure that everything else is just as you would wish. Orlik London-made pipes are obtainable at many Tobacco shops. Ask for them by name.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1

Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES

Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

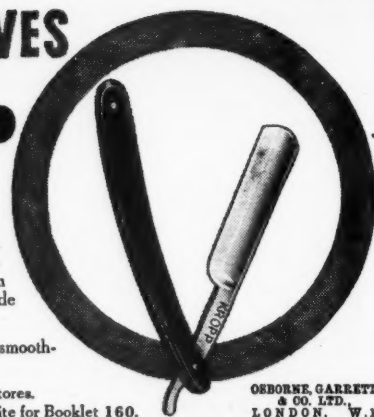
**10,000 SHAVES**  
WITH A  
**KROPP**

Sounds incredible but it's *true* because, with reasonable care, the KROPP will last a lifetime. For the KROPP is hand-beaten from fine-quality Sheffield Steel—something a craftsman takes pride in making for the man who takes pride in possessing.

Buy one to-day and enjoy the smoothest of shaves **EVERY** day.

Of Hairdressers, Cutlers and Stores.

14/- including purchase tax. Write for Booklet 160.



OSBORNE, GARRETT  
& CO. LTD.  
LONDON, W.1

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Eye Lotion in  
handy **TABLET** form

**Optabs**  
EYE LOTION TABLETS  
for the Preservation of sight  
and the Relief of Eye Strain

● A single Optabs Eye Lotion Tablet makes an eyebath full of soothing, stimulating, antiseptic eye lotion from ordinary tap water. Whenever your eyes feel tired or strained, use Optabs Eye Lotion Tablets. Your eyes will take on a new sparkle, will become clear and your sight grow stronger and keener.



**10<sup>9</sup>**  
3/4 and 5/6  
(Tax inc.)

OPTABS LIMITED, CHAPEL ST., BRADFORD  
OBTAINABLE FROM QUALIFIED CHEMISTS ONLY

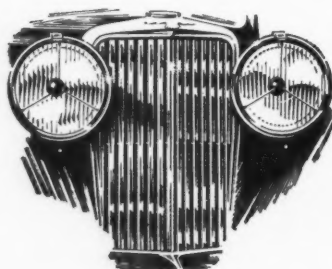
**Tri-ang**  
TOYS



FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

**L.B. LTD. London**

*Jaguar Cars*



"I have been the proud owner of three Jaguars, a 1½ litre and two 2½ litres—no cars could have given better service and performance, especially acceleration and braking. I look forward to post-war conditions which will enable me the pleasure of taking delivery of my fourth."

March, 1942.

From Mr. K. A. Robinson, Feltham



S.S. CARS LIMITED, COVENTRY



**FOR**  
**DELICATE**  
**HANDLING**

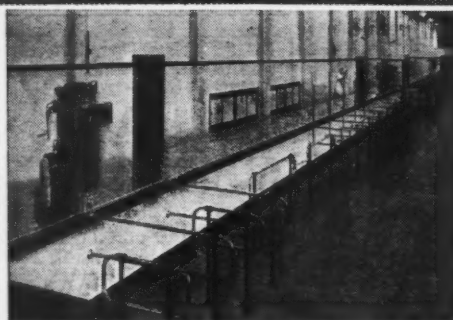
Inter-departmental transport of delicate goods is most efficiently dealt with by "Greenbat" Electric Trucks. They are speedy, safe and silent, and as smooth running as they are reliable.

**"GREENBAT"**  
**ELECTRIC TRUCKS**

**GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.**  
LEEDS • ENGLAND

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Crittall Canteen Equipment provides everything for quick and efficient running. Economy and reliability are outstanding features of Crittall products.

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*how machines*

*are driven today*



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BELT ROPES

**JAMES DAWSON & SON LTD.**  
Power Transmission Engineers & Belting Manufacturers  
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# PINAUD

FOR THE HAIR

For those who command, Pinaud Brilliantine, whether liquid or solidified, ensures perfect hair control on active or inactive service. And to give moustaches a military turn, there's the famous Pinaud Pomade Hongroise. Pinaud toilet preparations for the hair include the famous Eau de Quinine, hair tonic and Tonicream—all made in England, of course.

PINAUD Ltd., Pinaud House, 126, Atkins Road, London, S.W. 12

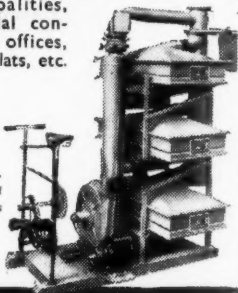


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*Self Contained*

### VENTILATION AND AIR FILTRATION UNITS

This three-filter-unit plant (with stand-by pedal operation) provides perfect ventilation and air filtration for 105 persons, however long the plant may have to be in operation. Similar plants have been installed with success by municipalities, industrial concerns, offices, hotels, flats, etc.



Write today for full particulars

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LONDON: 66, VICTORIA ST., S.W. 1

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### BRIGHT STEEL

ROUNDS, SQUARES, HEXAGONS, FLATS, AND SECTIONS.

**HALESOWEN STEEL CO. LTD**

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**TAILS *always* WAG-A-LOT FOR Winalot**  
THE IDEAL FOOD FOR ALL DOGS



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Moss Bros. have been making Service Mackintoshes these fifty years—time enough to have seen a few nasty downpours and prove their worth! They are scientifically made, cut to the accepted pattern for Navy, Army and R.A.F. (and for Women's Services too) and are supplied in all sizes. We need hardly add that they are also completely impervious to the dirtiest weather.

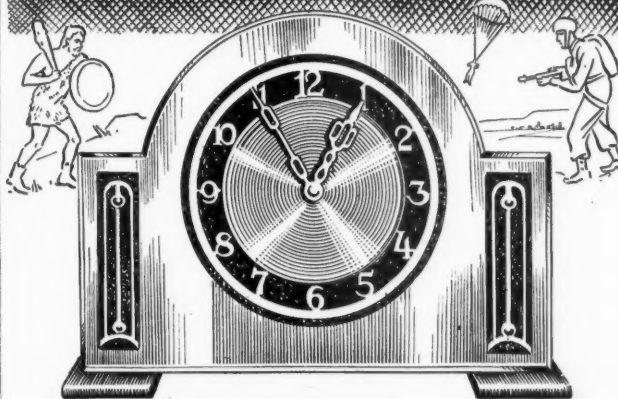
## MOSS BROS & Co. Ltd.

Naval, Military & R.A.F. Outfitters.

### COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King Street and Bedford Street, W.C. 2. TEMple Bar 427 (12 lines).

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To keep ahead, Britain must always look ahead, eager to adopt whatever makes for greater efficiency. You can show that progress animates your home and business by installing, as soon as after-the-War supplies come through, Smith "Sectric" Clocks. They are the last word in timekeeping appliances.

## SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

*plug in to Greenwich time*

**NO WINDING · NO REGULATING**

Issued by SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., Cricklewood Works, London, N.W. 2

## An Appeal for Gifts of

DIAMONDS, OLD GOLD JEWELLERY, WATCHES CHAINS, RARE BOOKS SILVER, PICTURES WORKS OF ART, ETC.

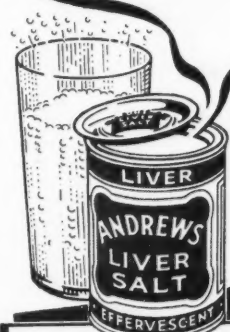
Everything received will be disposed of in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund, selected gifts being auctioned at Christies. Gifts of small bulk and easily ascertainable value will be most appreciated. Please address to The Treasurer, Red Cross Sales, 17, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1.

Duke of Gloucester's  
**RED CROSS AND ST. JOHN FUND**



This space is devoted to the RED CROSS by BEECHAMS PILLS LTD.

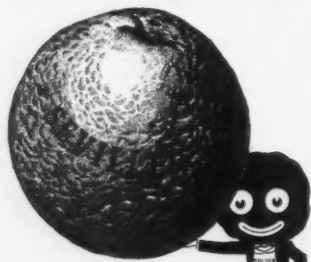
*EXCUSE ME - I'm on my own till after the War!*



To meet the Government's desire to standardise tin sizes, Andrews is now obtainable in one large size only. Although the price is changed to 1/10d., including purchase tax, the new large tin contains 8 ozs. (instead of 7 ozs. at 1/6d.)



**We don't  
see so many of  
these nowadays**



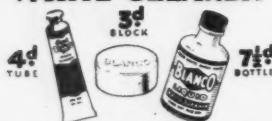
**that's why you  
don't see so much**

**'Golden  
Shred'**

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS  
Preserve Manufacturers, Ltd.,  
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

**White shoes  
are scarce —  
keep yours  
white with**

**“BLANCO”**  
BRAND WHITE CLEANER



**Warning** Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd.,  
Sheffield, England are sole  
proprietors and manufacturers of  
“BLANCO” Brand White Cleaner.  
No other White Cleaners can be called  
“BLANCO” nor may they be sold as “BLANCO.”

**PETROLE HAHN**



*For the Hair*

A perfect dressing and  
a sovereign specific  
against falling hair,  
scurf and dandruff.  
Promotes hair growth.  
Invigorates the scalp.  
Non-inflammable.

**4/4 & 6/6**  
PER BOTTLE  
(Including Increased Tax)

Limited stocks on sale at  
good-class Hairdressers  
and Chemists.

**LAMPORT & HOLT LINE**

LIMITED

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Regular Cargo Service between  
**UNITED KINGDOM, BRAZIL  
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Regular Cargo and Passenger Service also  
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It is rich in natural sunshine vitamins and bone and  
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**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**  
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THEY'RE SCARCE...

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AND  
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THE BEST  
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**FOR MORE  
REFRESHING  
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**LAN-  
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